New Masses
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Richberg Tries To Cover Up

The Fantastic Report on the N.R.A.

The Slum Clearance Farce
By PHILIP STERLING

Technicians in Revolt
By SIDNEY HILL

Funeral in Vienna
By ROBERT GESSNER

Vagrancy Trial
By TOM JOHNSON

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New Masses

SEPTEMBER 4, 1934

Limbach

FOR the first time in the history of its foreign relations, the Soviet Union has been compelled by Japanese war provocations to use language which in diplomatic circles rings as a grave warning. Directly charging the Manchurian authorities and the Tokyo government as responsible for the perpetual trouble on the Chinese Eastern Railway —derailments, wrecks, attacks on stations and trains, imprisonment of Soviet railways employes on trumped-up charges—the Soviet government advised Japan "to draw all the necessary inferences"—a weighty phrase in diplomatic parlance. However, the Japanese government has neither made reply nor ceased provocations; indeed it has immediately sent war planes to North China for "purposes of maneuvering." And this intense war situation, Japanese war lords would have the world believe, is solely the result of the failure in negotiations over the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway. How preposterous in view of the negligible difference between the sums asked and offered! Japan's threats to seize the railway, her provocations and slanders against the U.S.S.R. are but a facet of her attempts to extend her Asian empire by wresting Siberia from the Soviet Union.

THERE is, for example, her activity in Inner Mongolia. By fostering Pan-Mongolism, Buddhist and Mongolian Conferences in Tokyo, by organizing the Mongol princes and lamas, Japanese imperialists have been trying to secure hegemony over Inner Mongolia. Japan has concentrated troops at Dolonor (Chahar province)—a springboard for her Mongolian adventure as well as a concentration point for her spies and agents. Now Colonel Doihara, the well-known Japanese intriguer and head of the Japanese Secret Service in Manchuria, has arrived in Dolonor for the purpose of organizing four divisions of Mongolian cavalry in Inner Mongolia. Recruiting offices have been set up in Dolonor, Linhsi, and Hailar, and a station for the training of Mongolians in modern warfare. At the same time, bribery and intimidation are being used to bring the Mongolian League to join the puppet state of "Manchukuo." There are indications that Japan may make her first thrust against the U.S.S.R. by compelling the Mongolian princes to lead their tribes against the Mongolian Peoples' Republic, or by causing some border incident between tribes, thus manufacturing a reason for war action which could be used demagogically to keep Japanese imperialism "blameless."

HOWEVER, in her plots against the Soviet Union Japan is having no end of difficulties. For one thing, Japanese war-lords have discovered that military seizure of territory is not always followed by successful subjugation of the people. The Soviet slogans as to the liberation and autonomy of colonial and semi-colonial peoples have reached the remotest corners of the Asian continent, and have brought a vision which cannot be shattered by imperialist cannon. The Japanese boast of successful control of Manchuria is nonsense. As students of Far Eastern affairs have observed, Japan has absolutely no control beyond the railroad districts. The Japanese speak of "bandits," but as a matter of fact these bandits are armies. In Kirin, an army of 60,000 Chinese volunteers is fighting off the invader; in Heilungkiang anti-Japanese armed forces are even greater. The air of injured innocence of the Japanese war-lords through all their dealings with the Soviet Union is rank hypocrisy. If they have not as yet actually set foot on Soviet territory it is not because of their pacific propensities; it is because they are forced to operate in an atmosphere surcharged with the Soviet idea, which has thus far prevented them from consolidating the peoples and territories over which they are apparently in control.

THIS difficulty encountered by Japanese war-lords in Manchuria is precisely the difficulty which Chiang-Kai-Shek, (hireling of the chief imperialist countries, including Japan), is encountering in his fight against the Chinese Soviets. For example, Foochow.

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Doubtless because of censorship, the newspapers have carried no reports from that city since the middle of August. According to last reports, the Chinese Red Army had reached a position of 16 miles outside of Foochow. Landlords were fleeing from even so far south as Amoy. The imperialists had sent their gunboats to Foochow. The 6,000 Nanking soldiers sent to reinforce the Foochow garrison had been met by the Red Army which disarmed 4,000 and dispersed the rest. Shuikow was captured, large amounts of ammunition and supplies were taken. During the past months 6 anti-Soviet regiments have been disarmed. The Red Army has broken the strict blockade of the Soviet district maintained by Chiang-Kai-Shek. New strategic supports have been established. In view of Chiang-Kai-Shek's repeated promise to "wipe out the Red bandits," the Red Army's march to the sea assumes special importance. He had concentrated most of his troops against the Central Soviet district. The Chinese press had been filled with reports of the imminent capture of Juikin, the capital. However, Chiang suffered a series of severe defeats, whereupon he transferred a section of his troops to the Fukien front, to concentrate on attacking from the east. But the eastern wing of the Red Army advanced and occupied Fu-An and Kweihua, two important districts in Western Fukien. In the struggle for these two districts, the 52nd Kuomintang Division was cut to pieces, and another division suffered severe losses. At the same time the Soviet power was established in seven districts *on the coast* in Northern Fukien, thereby creating a serious threat to Foochow (which lies directly south).

THESE new districts under Soviet control are of considerable strategic importance. To the east they form a chain along the coast, to the north they join the province of Chekiang, toward the west they form the key position for the whole north of Fukien and are an excellent base for attack toward the south in the direction of Foochow. The Red Army is not yet capable of holding towns within range of imperialist armies (the imperialists drove the Red Army out of Changsha, and prevented the capture of Foochow last November). But its present advance toward Foochow, from the viewpoint of military strategy, cannot be overestimated. Although geographically isolated and nowhere near the Soviet Union, the 80,000,000 people of Soviet China have been developing military and political forms and strategies startlingly parallel to those adopted in the early years of the U.S.S.R. The idea of Communism is not confined within the borders of the Soviet Union. Inherent in the breakdown of capitalism, inherent in modern imperialism, the Communist idea has filled the air of the entire world. And in lands where the soil is ripe, it has taken root and is flowering. No capitalist bayonet, whether wielded by Japan, Chiang-Kai-Shek, or any other force of reaction, can root it out.

THE persecution of militant intellectuals is not limited to California alone. For more than two months, Jan Wittenber, Chicago John Reed Club artist, and others have been imprisoned in Hillsboro, Illinois, under the most miserable conditions. They have been indicted by the Grand Jury. Wittenber and John Adams, marine organizer, were charged with conspiracy to overthrow the U.S. government. They face a penitentiary sentence of twenty to thirty years, under the Criminal Syndicalist Act of Illinois which was passed at the time of the Palmer Red Raids in 1919. Their "crime" is that of organizing unemployed farmers and miners in a struggle for adequate relief. Adams and Wittenber have been separated from the local prisoners. They are not permitted to receive THE NEW MASSES and other literature. The Jan Wittenber Defense Committee, which includes Carl Haessler, Llewelyn Jones, Lawrence Lipton, Thomas McKenna, Dr. Curtis W. Reese, Dr. H. M. Richter, Prof. Frederick Schuman, Dr. William Twigg, Prof. James M. Yard, and other Chicago intellectuals, calls on individuals and organizations to flood Governor Henry Horner, Springfield, Illinois, with letters and telegrams protesting against the unreasonably high bail and demanding the release of Wittenber, Adams, and the others in the Hillsboro jail.

MORE than 1,000 technicians have been separated from Slum Clearance Project 33 in one of the most amazing mass lay-offs witnessed in New York. The internecine political warfare in the Administration which caused the wholesale wiping out of an entire project is, in spite of its callousness, relatively unimportant. What is important and significant is that in its desperate haste to cut relief jobs and satisfy the bankers and real estate boards, the LaGuardia Administration cast off altogether its former pretense that dismissals were based on proof of lack of need. The simple truth is that the hypocritical slogans of Roosevelt and LaGuardia about the "American way of work-relief instead of the dole" are being abandoned in favor of the miserable sub-standard handouts of the "home relief" system. Under this system these unfortunate professional workers, if they are lucky enough to meet the degrading and pauperizing qualifications of the Home Relief Bureau, will receive from $8 to $10 per week for an entire family.

THE abrupt termination of Project 33 is significant also because it gives the lie to LaGuardia's fine promise that the slums would be cleared and new houses constructed for workers. Ironically enough it was Project 33 which was pointed to as proof of the City's intention in this regard. Officialdom may order sweeping and outrageous dismissals, but workers do not always accept without protest. A spontaneous call for a meeting to plan action brought out some 300 men and women, largely architects, engineers, etc., from Project 33. It was decided to assemble at City Hall the next day, where a committee presented the following demands: (1) That all those discharged be reinstated immediately in order to continue and complete the socially necessary work still remaining to be done on this project; and (2) The gradual changing of the status of the men and women engaged in this work from that of relief workers to that of regular workers at standard wages, because their training and living requirements justify such a change and because the work to be done is not of a "temporary, emergency" nature, but of the utmost necessity and value to the city. Among the organizations whose members are involved in these actions are the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians, the Architectural Guild, and the Associated Office and Professional Emergency Employes.

A REVEALING tangent to the events in San Francisco was provided when the University of California chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, "the college honor society founded in 1776 at the College of William and Mary in Virginia and now having chapters in 126 American colleges and a living member-

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ship of over 63,000" (as of 1932) made General Hugh Johnson an honorary member of the society for his strike-breaking speech at Berkeley. Although this speech exhibited more venom and ignorance than scholarship, we assume the award was made for his long years as research-assistant to Bernard Baruch, during which time he studied carefully tactics of mobilization for war (he was author of the Selective Draft Act), of demagogic evasion, and of cracking down on rebellious workers. What Pacifist Mary Emma Woolley, Scientist Robert A. Millikan, and Rev. B. Fosdick, who are high officers of Phi Beta Kappa, will do about this we can hardly venture to predict; but we feel sure that officers John W. Davis and Owen D. Young will have their faith in scholarship renewed. But Phi Beta Kappa has its radical scholarship too. Several weeks ago, the chapter of the College of the City of New York adopted three significant resolutions. One demanded "of the German Government the immediate, safe release of Ernst Thaelmann and all anti-Fascist prisoners." A second memorialized Congress in condemnation of the Genney bill providing for a teacher's "loyalty" pledge. And the last provided for real research: an investigation into the connection between the Department of Military Science and Tactics of C. C. N. Y. and the fact that Leonard William Rockower, an advanced student in the R.O.T.C., had been invited by the Friends of New Germany to teach military science to the New York section of its Nazi Storm Troop. It is such action that may possibly justify those conspicuously fondled keys.

TWO more Negro workers have been lynched. According to the usual Associated Press dispatches, Robert Jones and Smith Houey were "snatched" by "mobs" and hanged. Each was being brought to court, at Ashland, Mississippi, one from Tupelo, the other from Holly Springs. "The Sheriff said the lynchings had apparently been carefully planned, with every road leading into the town blocked by mobs." Jones and Houey were to stand trial for the murder of Connis Gillespie, a white landowner, found slain on his burned property a year ago. Jones had recently been tried for fatally wounding a deputy sheriff who broke into his house while investigating the Gillespie killing. Jones had been convicted of the deputy's killing, but the Supreme Court, in what the A. P. dispatch calls "a widely discussed opinion," had reversed the findings and ordered a new trial, meanwhile explaining to the lower court how Jones could be railroaded to death *legally*. Under the pressure of growing Negro militancy, the Court had held that a man's home, "however humble, is his castle," and that the deputy had no right to invade Jones' home without a warrant. The deputies bringing Jones to trial for the Gillespie affair had their own ideas. "The mobs were masked and deputies said they did not recognize any of the men." District Attorney Fred Belk is quoted as promising "a rigid investigation." Meanwhile, the A. P. dispatch states that he "said he had a confession signed by the two Negroes in which they admitted that they had killed Mr. Gillespie." The New York Times fulfills its role by printing the story on the Sports Page.

PROFESSORIAL hacks are at it again. The Herald Tribune Magazine Section recently featured a long article, *Where Communism Fails,* by Neil Carothers, Professor of Economics and Director of the College of Business Administration at Lehigh University. In addition to the old lies and misrepresentations (including Communism's "misreading of human nature"), Professor Carothers plays several new tricks. The time is past when one could dismiss or neglect Marx. So we get this: "*Das Kapital* mercilessly dissects the competitive system, demonstrates its inevitable decline and predicts a cooperative economic order. Three books have altered the course of history above all others: the Bible, *The Origin of Species,* and *Das Kapital.*" But lest his readers be tempted to read the book: "Written in hopelessly technical German, in translation it is beyond ordinary comprehension." So much so that "A hundred books have been written to explain Marx and not one has done it." But even if you could read it it wouldn't do you any real good, for "Marx's economic reasoning was unsound, his theory of production inadequate, his forecast of the social order incorrect, his philosophy not even new." Despite all that, we are shocked to learn that "he presented the first complete explanation of economic evolution, predicted with inspired analysis many of the results of a mechanized industry and offered a definite program for the complete destruction of capitalism."

BUT the program is no good, it's bad for business, and against man's "natural and inborn" desire for private ownership (of both toothbrush and automobile factory, Prof. Carothers?). And it won't work. "The only large-scale experiment began with Keren-

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sky (!) in Russia in 1917, and it has not yet collapsed. It probably will, but it has survived after a fashion for seventeen years" unfortunately. Then come the standard lies about the Soviet Union; the professor doesn't even bother to invent new ones. He ends by advising two things: sterilization ("the economic future may lie not in economics, but in biology") and exiling of "parlor pinks." ("It is a pity that they cannot all be removed to some isolated Communist community . . .".) Obviously, Professor Carothers serves his masters well. Who are his masters? On the Board of Trustees of Lehigh are: Charles M. Schwab, chairman; Eugene Gifford Grace; and lesser lights like Samuel Dexter Warriner, president of Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co., Allentown Iron Co., Allentown Terminal R.R. Co., etc., etc.; William Carter Dickerman, president of American Locomotive Co., etc.; and thirteen others of the same interests. Our verdict on Professor Carothers must be: Moley, to the brain gang with him.

THE drive to have the United States government "take over" arms and munitions plants has reached an official stage. More than 200 representatives of leading munitions makers have been summoned to testify. The most drastic ultimate objective of the inquiry was indicated in Congress by the Hon. George Foulkes of Michigan who rose in the House on May 28 and delivered an unusually blunt attack on James H. Rand, Jr., of the Remington Arms Co., in which he quoted some of Senator Borah's "oratorical javelins at the munition manufacturers" and perorated on all those who "traffic in the tools of death and destruction. . . . They are engaged in an indefensible business—a business that is indefensible in private hands, for the government should manufacture whatever munitions are to be made. . . ." Confiscation of munition plants is thus not intended, and could no more be executed than the purchase by the government of private plants. Since, as the editors of Fortune take pains to point out, the armament industry is inextricably connected in personnel and process with the trusts that supply raw materials and with the banks that supply finances, confiscation or purchase could only be carried out successfully on a large scale. It means expropriating the *industrialists and financiers as a class,* something their executive committee at Washington would not do; or buying the capitalist system from them, which would leave matters as they are. Concerned with the perpetuation of the system, the campaigners' proposal resolves itself, as the Hon. Foulkes reveals, to changing the personnel and improving the war industry.

REACTION in a double sense underlies the radical attitudes and phrases of the campaigners and the work of the Senate Committee. What will probably result from the Senate investigation is the appointment of a Federal Arms Commission, with the armament makers well represented. This governmental commission in the face of present war preparations will cement the connections between the war industries and those indirectly, but necessarily, related to them. The drive toward war will be intensified: a governmental agency, instead of private firms, will use armaments to press for advantage against economic rivals. Reaction also is involved in the effects intended against growing mass anti-war sentiment and action. Publicizing Senate activity might hinder the development of a militant mass organization like the American League Against War and Fascism. The idea that the government is doing things might lead workers, farmers, intellectuals away from mighty demonstrations which objectify and unify the fight against war, and which have stimulated present demagogic attacks against war by the campaigners.

The Week's Papers

WEDNESDAY, August 22.—American Liberty League, to "combat radicalism, preserve property rights, uphold Constitution," is formed by prominent Democrats and Republicans to fight New Deal. . . . Secretary of Commerce Roper assures business Administration does not aim to abolish profit motive. . . . Roosevelt orders 10 percent reduction in weekly hours, 10 percent raise in wages in cotton garment industry, net effect being to cut workers' incomes. . . . Worker is killed, four hurt, by explosion in Hercules Powder Co. plant at Kenvil, N. J. . . . Donald and Eleanor Henderson testify before New Jersey Legislative Committee on Seabrook Farms strike. . . . N.R.A. announces it is not obliged to remove Blue Eagle from concerns even when National Labor Relations Board finds them guilty of violating codes. . . .

Thursday.—Meat prices expected to rise to highest point since World War. . . . Senator Schall charges Government plans to establish news bureau to supplant private news services in censorship move. . . . Blue Eagle ordered withdrawn from Chicago Bus Company for discharging union employes, precipitating a strike.

Friday. — United Textile Workers Union rejects offer of cotton textile industrial relations board to arbitrate proposed strike "because of lack of confidence" since board's failure to act in stretch-out complaints. . . . Northwest drought areas swept by snow and frost. . . . Reciprocal tariff treaty with Cuba signed by U. S. . . . Soviet-U.S. debt talks appear deadlocked at Washington. . . . Kohler is busy training a private army of 600 to break strike, workers charge. . . . Wholesale commodities prices reach highest point in three years, Bureau of Labor Statistics reports. . . . 1,000 dye workers in Paterson strike in sympathy with workers of Pennsylvania firm who walked out. . . . Leo Gallagher opens fight against attempt to obtain California injunction to ban Communist Party.

Saturday. — Representative Weideman, at end of Congressional Committee hearings, says there is no "red menace" in the United States. . . . Okey Odell, strike leader of onion workers, kidnaped by mob in McGuffey, O., and released after tortures. . . . Roosevelt studies plan to make Federal relief permanent. . . . Congress to be asked to make C. C. C. camps permanent. . . . Hopkins refuses to give Federal relief funds to Pennsylvania unless State agrees to contribute part of needed funds. . . . Demanding better food, 200

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Jacob Burck

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convicts at Eastern State Penitentiary in Pennsylvania rebel. . . .

Sunday. — United Textile Workers set September 1 as date of general strike. . . . Two million persons expected to be on relief in New York City by end of year. . . . Richberg report cites "tremendous gains" to industry under N.R.A. . . . Navy to ask for 24 additional ships in 1935 construction program. . . . Alexander Wright, Communist candidate for U. S. Senator, arrested in Newport News, Va., on trumped-up charges of "inciting to riot" in attempt to suppress his campaign.

Monday.—Alabama Supreme Court refuses to call special session to act on rehearing petition in Scottsboro case. . . . 5,000 New York painters win strike against pay cut. . . . N.R.A. codes put into 22 groupings to simplify them. . . . Cotton garment industry employers defy Roosevelt's "10 and 10" decree as "too burdensome" for them. . . . Federal and New York City relief administrators declare strikers are eligible for relief. . . . Aluminum Company of America strike continues. . . . Butte copper mine strike continues. . . . Scores are injured when mob attacks Negro section of Niagara Falls, N. Y. . . . Chicago school teachers get pay, first in seven months.

Tuesday—Retail food prices soar again. . . . United States refuses to grant trade credits to Soviet Union. . . . Henry Morgenthau, Jr., in radio speech places cost of New Deal at $505,000,000. . . . One hundred munitions makers summoned to appear before forthcoming Congressional Committee investigation into armament situation. . . . Donald Henderson sues Charles Seabrook for $20,000 for malicious persecution due to his arrest during Seabrook Farms strike. . . . Clatsop County, Oregon, initiating reign of terror against workkers, refuses relief to those who signed nominating petitions of Communist Party candidates. . . . Upton Sinclair, ex-Socialist, wins Democratic nomination for California Governorship. . . . General Johnson's pay was raised July 1 from $6,800 to $15,000 by Roosevelt's order.

Richberg Tries to Cover Up

DONALD R. RICHBERG'S report is an attempt to cover up the failure of N.R.A. to achieve anything more than a huge rise in corporation profits—with the ruin of the small business man which that entails. His figures are so incomplete, so twisted and so full of holes that critical economists are having a field day demolishing them. A point by point comparison of some of his main contentions with the actual facts is given below. The N.R.A. spokesman's official communique, under detailed examination, is revealed as exactly the untrustworthy piece of special pleading that we have come to expect from Washington mimeographs. But the report has another aspect, in what it omits, that puts it into a class by itself.

Richberg is reporting on the present state of the American people—of whom the vast majority are members of the working-class. For more than a year the American workers have been engaged in an intensified form of the class struggle, a struggle which, with the encouragement given by the N.R.A. to employers to organize company unions, has reached and is being maintained by the employers, on a "shoot to kill" basis. Labor can thank N.R.A.'s famous Section 7-A for nothing; the right to organize was won by labor on many bloody battlefields decades ago. What labor has to thank N.R.A. for, is for officially putting the yellow dog company union on the same level with the genuine union, and thus forcing labor to begin all over again its struggle for its most fundamental right. This struggle, in succeeding waves of strikes, is the central development in the history of this country in the past year. There is scarcely any need to run down the list of battlefields in that struggle—Minneapolis, Toledo, San Francisco, — these names spell for labor the history of the past year; and the vanguard of organized labor that has fought these battles has fought them in behalf of all the American workers. It has fought them against the N.R.A., for which Mr. Richberg reports "tremendous gains." And this vast struggle of labor for its fundamental right to organize, and for a halfway decent living wage, none of this appears in Mr. Richberg's report.

The attack on civil rights is not in Mr. Richberg's report. With increasing promptness the militia appears on the scene in strike situations. Federal Relief Administrator Hopkins rules that unemployed workers in transient camps be not permitted to register as voters. A proposal to disfranchise totally all workers on relief is put forward in this atmosphere of incipient Fascism. General Johnson demands that all radicals be driven out like rats, and gives the signal for the California terror. In south Jersey the condition of the agricultural workers compares unfavorably with that of serfs under feudalism. The organization of Vigilante bands by employers' associations is proceeding on a nation-wide scale. "Loyalty" oaths for teachers, red hunts by the Dickstein committee under the cover of investigating Nazi activity —these are manifestations of an increasing determination of American capitalism to create an air-tight prison house for the workers, where no revolutionary criticism can be organized or voiced. And Mr. Richberg's report says nothing of the attack on the workers' civil rights.

What does his report say? It speaks of employment—not unemployment, but employment:

> Reliable figures indicate that 40,180,000 persons were employed in the United States in June, 1934, an increase of 4,120,000 over the low figure of March, 1933, and an increase of 2,320,000 over June, 1933. The latter increase is mainly due to shortening of hours under N.R.A. codes.

Richberg repeatedly refers to "reliable estimates" and "reliable figures." But in each case he fails to mention the sources of these estimates. With one exception these figures fail to check with the standard indexes such as those of the Federal Reserve Board on production, and of the Bureau of Labor Statistics on employment and payrolls.

On the basis of government figures, Labor Research Association estimated the number of unemployed in November, 1932, at 16,886,000 and in November, 1933, at 15,835,000. This represents a decline of slightly over a million during the year.

But the economic situation during recent months has not changed sufficiently

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to warrant any drastic reduction in this estimate for last November. During the early spring months of 1934, industry took on some few hundred thousands of the unemployed at least for part time jobs, but this gain has been at least partially counterbalanced by the decline in employment during June and July.

The noteworthy thing about Mr. Richberg's presentation of figures, of course, is that he doesn't mention unemployment. With 53,000,000 workers listed in the 1930 census—there must be several million more now—Richberg reports 40,180,000 employed in June, 1934—an indicated unemployment of something like 13,000,000 even on Richberg's "reliable figures."

Mr. Richberg on production:

> The index of production of all manufacturers rose from a low of 47.4 in March, 1933, to a high of 85.1 in July, 1933, and then after a dip to 59.4 in November, 1933, rose again to 72.1 in May, 1934, "since when there has been another recession."

Mr. Richberg does not state the extent of the present "recession" although later figures are available and Mr. Richberg cites June, 1934, figures elsewhere in his report. To compare present figures with those of March, 1933, the time of the "bank holiday" and crisis lows in all fields, manifestly does not present an accurate picture. Even the New York Times, August 28, takes cognizance of this when it says editorially: "Comparisons with March 1933, are with what was undoubtedly in many respects the worst month of our economic history; a substantial improvement from these figures may still leave a highly unsatisfactory condition."

The reason for Mr. Richberg's failure to cite June, 1934, production figures when these were available becomes obvious when we examine the Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production adjusted for seasonal variations. The Board's figures show a decline from 92 in June, 1933, to 84 in June, 1934.

Another standard index is the Annalist index of business activity which reports a 19 percent decrease in business activity from July, 1933, to July, 1934. Between May and July of this year alone a drop of 10 percent took place.

Mr. Richberg on wages:

> It is estimated that total wages in manufacturing industries increased from $96,000,000 a week in June, 1933, to $132,000,000 a week in June, 1934, or 37.5 percent. When this increase of 37.5 percent is compared with an increased living cost of 9.6 percent, there remains despite increased cost of living a net increase of 25 percent in the total purchasing power of manufacturing wage-earners.

But in his very next paragraph Richberg admits that the average per capita weekly earnings of manufacturing workers have increased only 8.5 percent over June, 1933. The difference between the 8.5 percent increase in average weekly earnings and the rise of 9.6 percent in the cost of living gives a net decrease of 1.1 percent in the real wages of manufacturing workers, even according to Mr. Richberg's own figures.

To pursue the matter further. After having categorically stated that there has been a net increase in the purchasing power of manufacturing workers since June, 1933, Mr. Richberg admits that "the average manufacturing worker's purchasing power remained practically unchanged . . ." What Mr. Richberg means by "practically unchanged" is precisely the 1.1 percent decline in real wages.

As part of the rising cost of living, Mr. Richberg conveniently fails to mention that the Bureau of Labor Statistics' latest report on retail prices covering the two weeks ending July 31, shows that food prices for the country were at the highest point in 30 months and were 22 percent above those of April, 1933. One estimate places the increase in the food bill of the masses at $2,250,000,000 a year. (See Labor Research Association's Economic Notes, September, 1934.)

Compared with only a year ago, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics of the U. S. Department of Labor, the largest increases for the country as a whole were for white potatoes, 44.4 percent; pork chops, 37.4 percent; rice, 32.3 percent; canned peas, 31.3 percent; oranges, 29.5 percent; sliced bacon, 27.2 percent; and so on. Furthermore, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace himself declared, August 13, that general living costs would be up 6 percent or 7 percent next winter as a result of the drought. And one of Wallace's assistants has admitted that taken separately food prices are expected to rise another 15 percent to 20 percent as a result of the drought. Although Mr. Richberg ventures to forecast the state of employment among public works fund workers, he does not forecast these coming, further increases in living costs.

Richberg on wages:

> Average hourly earnings have been increased about 26 percent; wage differentials have been materially decreased. Average hours in June, 1934, were thirty-seven hours per week; and average wages 55.2 cents per hour. The advance in wage rates is directly due to N.R.A. codes since after previous depressions wage rates have advanced very little in the early stages of recovery.

Mr. Richberg points to a 26 percent increase in hourly wage rates in June, 1934, over June, 1933; and to a decrease of approximately six hours in hours worked per week, comparing June of last year with June of this year. The figures of the U. S. Department of Labor for June, 1934, report average hourly earnings at 55c and average hours worked per week as 34.9. This compares with average hours worked per week of 42.6 and average hourly earnings of 41.9c in June, 1933. As has been said, the increase in per capita weekly earnings from June, 1933, to June, 1934, was only 8.9 percent. Mr. Richberg's talk of increases in hourly earnings and reductions in weekly working hours therefore have little significance unless related to the increased cost of living.

Mr. Richberg's figures on a 600 percent increase in the net profits of 402 industrial companies for the first half of 1934, as compared with the first half of 1933, make a striking contrast in the class benefits under the "New Deal."

A rise from 33.9 in March, 1933, to 59.5 in June, 1934, is reported by Mr. Richberg in the payroll index. Again taking the Department of Labor's figures, we see that the payroll index which in June, 1934, was 37.5 percent higher than in June, 1933, was in July, 1934, 6.8 percent lower than the previous month, declining more than twice as much as employment. At that, total payrolls in July of this year were only 60.4 percent of the level for the three-year period 1923-25. This means that for every dollar paid out in weekly payroll during this three-year period, only 60c was paid out in July, 1934.

However, even these figures do not give an accurate picture of the real situation. For prior to March, 1934, the index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics used the average for the year 1926 as its "norm," equal to 100. This was recently changed so that the 1923-25 three-year period became the 'norm" of 100. Since figures in 1923-25 were appreciably lower than they were in 1926, the latest figures of the Bureau of Labor Statistics for the months after March, 1934, show up better by comparison. Thus on the new basis, employment in July was 78.6 percent and payrolls 60.4

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percent of the 1923-25 average. On the old basis, however, in July of this year, employment was 73.7 percent and payrolls 54.9 percent of the 1926 average.

Labor's position in general, according to Richberg:

> Under the codes, labor standards have been improved in many ways. Child labor has been eliminated; working hours reduced; wage rates increased; sweat shop employment reduced; health and safety standards controlled; and the right of labor organization far advanced.

Child labor has been eliminated? Child labor has not been ended by the N.R.A. No code applies to the half million children in agriculture, by far the largest group of child workers in the United States. No code applies to the nearly 50,000 children in domestic service. The newspaper code adopted in February, 1934, does not prohibit employment of children in street selling before and after school hours. According to the International Circulation Managers' Association more than half a million children (age not stated) are employed as carriers or as sales boys for newspapers.

Working hours reduced? Most of the N.R.A. codes include ample allowance for overtime work. Iron and steel companies need only abide by the 40-hour limit averaged over a 6-month period "insofar as practicable" or as long as employes "qualified for work are available in the respective localities." These are only a few of the many loop-holes. Are there any restrictions on a terrific speeding-up at maximum hours for part of the time, alternating with closing down entirely for the rest?

Wage rates increased? This is indisputable fact: minimum wages, as specified in the codes adopted in 1933, under the N.R.A., ranged from $12 to $13 for a full time week in the South to $13, $14 or $15 in the North. Such a basically important industry as iron and steel established rates of only 25c and 27c an hour in southern districts. In at least 70 of the codes adopted up to February 10, 1934, a lower wage rate was specified for women workers: in the boot and shoe, automobile manufacturing, the cloak and suit industries, etc., etc. The "Blanket Code" provided for minimum wages of only 30c an hour for factory workers. For non-factory workers this code provides for wages of $12 to $15 for a maximum week of 40 hours according to the size of the community. It calls for 35 hours as a maximum working week for factory workers, but allows 40 hours a week for a 6-weeks period, and has already been "modified" in so many particular industries that a longer week is generally admitted. On the basis of 30c an hour, 35 hours a week, it is clear that minimum wages, under this blanket code, are only $10.50 for a full time week. Thus workers who were receiving more than these minimum rates before the introduction of a code, have in many cases seen their wages cut to the minimum levels.

Health and safety standards controlled? Is it not a fact that tuberculosis increased in working-class districts of New York City, where unemployment has been most serious, according to the 1933 report of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor? For New York City as a whole, Health Commissioner Wynne reported (December 30, 1933) that attendance at tuberculosis clinics increased from 55,000 patients annually in pre-depression years to 120,000 in 1933.

Is it not a fact that maternal mortality in New York City for example has increased during the crisis years from a rate of 5.05 per 1,000 births in 1929 to 6.04 in 1931 and 6.41 in 1933 as shown in the report of Shirley W. Wynne, former commissioner of Health, issued December 30, 1933? In the state of Illinois maternal mortality increased by about 22 percent in the first quarter of 1933 as compared with the corresponding period in 1932. From the figures of the U. S. Children's Bureau, in *Some Effects of the Depression on the Nutrition of Children* (issued 1933), we learn that about one-quarter of the children in the United States as represented in these studies are suffering from malnutrition.

Richberg on company unions:

> Labor organization has shown a corresponding increase, more than 2,000,000 workers having been added to the A. F. of L., with large increases also in the numbers and memberships of labor organizations not affiliated with the A. F. of L. The increase of numbers and memberships of so-called "company unions" (even though not regarded by the national unions as adequate labor organizations) marks at least an increase in the mechanisms of labor association available for the collective bargaining contemplated in the act. . . . Under the codes, labor standards have been improved in many ways. . . . The right of labor organization [has been] far advanced.

The right of labor organization far advanced? What about the 28 strikers killed so far this year? The National Guard have killed five strikers—two in the Toledo Auto-Lite, two in the Kohler, Wis., and one in the Minneapolis truck strike. Why were they killed? Because they wanted to see "the right of labor organization far advanced." And when they have wanted to do so, the National Guard "has been called out more frequently in the last 18 months than at any equivalent period in 15 years." This we learn from the National Guard Bureau August 4, 1934.

Martial law has been declared in Toledo, Minneapolis, Gallup, N. M. In San Francisco Vigilantes composed of business men and thugs raided strikers' headquarters, beat up strikers, destroyed their property.

The right of labor organizations far advanced? Why did the United States Supreme Court refuse an injunction to restrain the Weirton Steel Company from interfering with an independent election spokesman for collective bargaining under the labor board supervision? Why did Section 7A guarantee the legality of company unions? Why have company unions grown from a membership of 1,263,000 before the N.R.A. to 5,000,000 since the N.R.A.?

Two interesting quotations, from sources of some authority, may well close this discussion of Mr. Richberg's fantastic report on the N.R.A. The first is from the Wall Street Journal, July 18, 1934:

> In some official quarters the opinion is expressed that Mr. Richberg will be used by the administration in a position not connected with the N.R.A. The Supreme Court is mentioned. It is pointed out that any future changes of personnel of the court make it desirable to the administration to have a majority which looks favorably upon the emergency legislation promulgated during the past year.

The second is from Kiplinger's Washington letter of May, 1934. (Kiplinger's is a confidential report to financiers and industrialists, and supposed to be soberly realistic in its approach.)

> The many political developments here in the last months point toward the planned economy of the corporate state, controlled politically by the government, with execution left in the hands of privately owned and privately operated business units. This is the Socialism of Fascism not the Socialism of Communism.

Yes—this is the national "socialism" of Adolph Hitler. American capitalism is headed toward it in a somewhat more devious way, the way of the Blue Eagle.

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The Slum Clearance Farce

"Throw 'Em Out, They're Breaking My Heart!"

PHILIP STERLING

Knickerbocker Village apartments are the realization of an ideal. The State Board of Housing, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of New York City have collaborated with the Fred F. French Companies in producing the most superb apartments possible through modern architectural construction and financial channels and at the most moderate rentals.—*From the prospectus.*

AND why, does anyone suppose, did Fred F. French thus readily win the gracious cooperation of municipal, State and Federal bodies? The answer is "slum clearance."

Go from the Chatham Square station of the Third Avenue L down Oliver Street, made famous as Al Smith's early home, and turn into hunched-up, evil-smelling Oak Street. Wade, unshuddering, in the ankle-deep offal of its serried rows of push-carts, keeping your eyes off the ground and you'll see the brick battlements of the New Deal's newest New York stronghold—$9,310,770 worth of "slum clearance" which has only one shortcoming: it provides no places for the hundreds of poor families driven out of the razed slum dwellings.

Here is slum clearance with a vengeance. The project has made a five-acre dent in the vast areas of New York which still harbor 69,000 "old law" tenement houses built prior to the laws of 1901.

From the prospectus and the matron in charge you learn the following:

> Located only two short blocks from the East River, between picturesque Brooklyn and Manhattan bridges, Knickerbocker Village, with its twelve-story, fireproof buildings, set in gardens and playgrounds, dominates the entire section.
>
> The apartments encircle central gardens of nearly an acre each and more than half of the five acres is devoted to flowers, trees and playgrounds. No such thing exists here as the well-known inside room. The rooms are of good size, well-lighted and ventilated. There are roomy closets to delight the tenant. Every kitchen has been planned for the greatest convenience and is equipped with electric refrigeration. Incinerators are conveniently placed. Penthouses open on tiled terraces with views up and down the East and Hudson Rivers.

To this may be added information about the latest thing in steam radiation, mail chutes, playgrounds equipped with sandboxes, swings, trapezes, and playrooms provided for use in inclement weather, as well as rooms for club and social purposes. All this, mind you, for $12.50 a room. You can get three and a half rooms, the smallest of the apartments, from $37.25 a month up, four and a half rooms from $54.35, five and a half rooms from $66.25. Penthouses, nine of them, go to $85 a month and up.

"Are you encouraging people from the neighborhood to move in?" you ask the renting agent. She evades the question but finds an opportunity to reassure you later by telling you that "most of the people in this neighborhood can't afford to pay even these rents, reasonable as they are." This information is gratuitous. A survey of the neighborhood last year showed that the average family there cannot afford to pay more than $7 per room. And even this estimate is a high one. According to Oscar Fisher, author of a recent real estate evaluation system published in the Real Estate Record and Guide, residents of this neighborhood are actually able to pay only about $5 per room.

This is the physical picture, in sketchy outline, of the New Deal's first great assault on America's millions of acres of slums (by special arrangement with Fred F. French). How did it come into being? And why?

To the uninitiated it would appear at first glance that slum clearance means more than the razing of old buildings. One might think it meant the substitution of new and better buildings expressly for those who have until now been compelled to live in slums because they could not afford anything better. But that's not important either to Fred F. French or to the governmental agencies that fell all over themselves in their hurry to lend him $8,075,000, which will not be amortized for about forty years, to build Knickerbocker Village.

French, himself said to a class in economics at Princeton last December:

> What matter whether an organization pay $15 or $5 per square foot for land; offer one-room or six-room apartments to the public; cater to the white-collar or some other class, and get along without tax exemptions and subsidies or accept them. What matter all these things as long as the crime and disease-breeding habitations of our big cities are forever destroyed and as long as the new structures offer decent accommodations for whoever may occupy them and *bid fair to support themselves out of the rents collected.*

In accordance with this noble dictum, Mr. French and his ubiquitous realty companies embarked on the following procedure in promoting Knickerbocker Village:

In 1930, 1931 and 1932 they bought up most of the five acres needed, using dummy corporations to prevent prices going up. During these years the assessed valuation for the aggregate land parcels was $1,037,500 or about $4.73 per square foot. Seldom, if ever, in these times is real estate bought for its full assessed value. It is common to pay about two-thirds of the assessed value.

The R.F.C., which made the loan on the supposed basis of actual cost, allowed $3,171,260 of its total loan as the cost of the land, or about $14.50 per square foot. In other words, French realized $2,133,760 in the very process of borrowing money from the government. Out of this profit he was readily able to chip in the $1,235,770 representing his 15 percent total of the $9,310,770 total cost of the project.

Still prepared to make unsung sacrifices in the cause of slum clearance, Mr. French was then able to pocket $897,990 or the difference between the profit he made on the government's price of the land and the amount he was required to contribute to the project. All this money is merely a loan, it may be argued, but a loan which may be liquidated over a forty-year period is good enough for anyone's purpose, even Mr. French's.

But the most significant aspect of the fearless French organization's single-handed battle with the dread slum dragon is this: No matter how ethical and above-board the rest of the transaction may be, the fact remains that money for payment or amortization and interest on the loan is derived from the income of the building itself. And in theory at least, when the loan is amortized, buildings and lands become the sole property of Mr. French. I say in theory, because even Mr. French must be aware of the possibility that forty years hence the name of his pet project may have been changed to the Harry Alan Potamkin apartments, or to the Angelo Herndon House.

To unify the five-acre plot on which Knickerbocker Village stands, it was necessary to buy from the city Hamilton Street, which made an irregular bisection of the area. For this the French interests paid $55,000. The total assessed valuation of the land bordering on Hamilton Street, according to the City Record for 1930, 1931 and 1932 was approximately $270,000, or an average of about $4.20 a square foot. Logically, the value of the street itself can be calculated from the value of property fronting on it. On this basis the 25,000 square feet of Hamilton Street should have cost Mr. French about $105,000. But if he were to buy the street at the same rates he fixed as "actual cost" of the land as allowed by the R.F.C., he would have had to pay about $362,500 or about $14 a square foot.

Clearly, the only possible objection in this situation is not the use of Hamilton Street for the project, but the bargain rates at which Mr. French obtained the street.

Once the site of the project was well in hand, the next step was to get the loan. In

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just what mysterious manner the R.F.C. determines which applications shall be favored, this writer doesn't know, but certainly a man of Mr. French's wealth and importance is not without friends in any Federal administration any more than he is without them in past and present city administrations. And there were several touching instances of such friendship displayed.

The R.F.C. agreed with the New York State authorities that no loans would be made for New York City housing projects without the approval of a special committee headed by Alfred E. Smith. Mr. Smith's committee approved the $8,075,000 loan.

Another proof of friendship. Long before the loan was granted, the French interests knew they would need Hamilton Street. Immediately after it was granted, long accounts were published in New York newspapers quoting Mr. French on the history of the slum area which was to be rehabilitated by his efforts:

> The buildings now occupying the area are five- and six-story walk-ups from 50 to 100 years old. Many rooms have no outside opening of any kind. It is necessary for the tenants to obtain drinking and sanitary water from faucets in the court at the rear of the buildings. The outhouses in the courts spread disease. Children, in many cases undernourished, are forced to play in streets in an environment which encourages waywardness and crime.

Mr. French neglected to mention that the parents of these children would be unable to pay $12.50 a room for quarters in his new project and that they would have to move to other slums.

Be that as it may, Mr. French was a fighter for slum clearance and his friend Borough President Samuel Levy flew to his assistance, declaring that:

"If practicable, it might be wise to eliminate Hamilton Street to permit the blocks north and south of it [the Knickerbocker Village site] to be made into one super-block to enable better private property development." There was at this time no direct talk of efforts by the French interests to acquire the street. Yet Mr. Levy, with true statesmanlike vision, foresaw their need.

It was also Borough President Levy who in May, 1933, presented to the Board of Estimate the resolution to make Knickerbocker Village tax exempt. That beautiful mechanism of American democracy which permits so often the combination of public spirit with friendship, sped this resolution through over the opposition of the New York Real Estate Board, which was frankly alarmed at the competition the project would furnish against the tens of thousands of empty high-class apartments owned by the rest of its members.

With an estimated income of $900,000 a year expected from the project, tax exemption becomes an important matter, for it is permissible only for enterprises which show a 6 percent profit or less. But modern business enterprise is equal to such contingencies. The practice of interlocking and subsidiary companies is common and if one of these charges the other exorbitant fees for goods or service, the interests which own both are not losers. Income and profit records may be juggled thus to prove anything that may be desired.

The Fred F. French-controlled Knickerbocker Village, Inc., entered into an agreement for the management of the property with Fred F. French Operators, Inc. In these days of inflation and rising living costs it is wholly conceivable that the cost of managing the enterprise will absorb all income above the 6 percent profit required to keep it eligible for tax-exemption.

One more little touch. The dummy corporations which bought the parcels forming the site bought more than enough. Following the consummation of the R.F.C. loan, the dummy corporations sold the surplus parcels. Figures are not readily available, but is it unfair to assume that they were sold at a profit in view of the fact that all property values in the neighborhood are enhanced by such an improvement as Knickerbocker Village?

And just to top it off, it should be stated that Fred F. French, as general contractor and architect for the project, received fees totaling 9 percent of the cost, or $574,473.51. It is almost fruitless to inquire what wages were paid on the job. There is irony enough in the fact that the architectural draftsmen and other technicians of the kind for whom Knickerbocker Village is supposedly intended were paid wages which would have made it impossible for them to live in such a place.

The buildings I had just left covered an area which was formerly known as the "lung block" because it was a hot-bed of tuberculosis. This comparatively small area produced 291 cases of T. B. in ten years.

I recalled reading the statement of Robert W. DeForest who, as Tenement House Commissioner in 1903, said:

> Every consideration of public health, morals and decency requires that the buildings in this block be destroyed at an early date. I understand that several of these houses are permanently infected with the germs of the tubercular disease and that the only remedy and method of preventing the further spread of this disease from these houses is the destruction of the buildings.

One more phase, but a crucial one, remains to be examined. What did the 443 families who lived in the area before it was cleared and improved, gain by the construction of Knickerbocker Village? Are any of them living in the new buildings? Have they better quarters for the same rent or less, as a result of their enforced removal? What has become of them?

The answers are provided by a survey of

Park Earth

Rain drops in shattered sheets of fume cleansing waters,
Leaving the sweat soaked earths of all the parks,
Chilling bums and refreshing lucky men—and grasses.
It rains and rains and rains and I who love freshness
and mourn the mallow loam and exult in downpours,
I keen like the Banshee "L"!
Sitting in the park I keen
with cold steel wheels on taut rails.
The Park Earth stinks with the souls of men crucified,
Crucified by hungers—all, all the hungers:
The hunger of loneliness on frigid benches:
And of the cold in ill-nourished tissues:
And of mother-women who suckled them
And the wife-mothers that cannot achieve:
And a million, million small bitternesses taunting them.

Absorbent earths reek with the sweat of repressed screams.
The earth, too soaked, bulges and drools silently over
The hedging edges of well planned sidewalks.
Like silent death grapplings of jungle-lush plants
The misery grows and throttles me—
Hell! Only the spittle flecked pavement is clean!
Every blood gilt granule of its concrete glitters.
Sleek pallid and littered with rococo faces
it is clean with the curbs' goemetric beauty
But no rain can cleanse the city park earth.
It aches with blood
And stinks with rotting souls.

Goddamn the eyes that read
and the feeble genius of words
and the hand that writes
If he who reads cannot feel.

—Pres Hubbard.

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386 of these families made by the Fred Lavanburg Foundation and Hamilton House. The survey was undertaken originally at the instance of Mr. French, who apparently believed that scientifically collected data would help to create the "slum clearance" smoke screen he needed for his enterprise.

But the survey was a boomerang, for the two agencies undertaking it proved not only the need for slum clearance, but also proved that the dwellers of the slum area gained no benefits from the construction of Knickerbocker Village. The survey is entitled "What happened to 386 families who were compelled to vacate their slum dwellings."

Some of the facts of major interest uncovered by the study follow:

Only three families planned to move into Knickerbocker Village. The same three, incidentally, were the only ones paying $35 or more a month for a flat. Of the others, 379 expressed a wish to move into the development, disposing of the oft-repeated argument that slum dwellers don't want improved housing.

"Though almost all the families desire to move into Knickerbocker Village," the report declared, "only a small number will be able to pay the higher rental."

Most significant of all, the survey shows that 319 of the 386 families surveyed, or 83 percent, continue to live in old law tenements declared to be unfit for human habitation by the Tenement House Commission as early as 1900.

Only 14 percent of the families left the neighborhood. The others settled in the slum buildings of adjoining blocks. The largest number of the families, regardless of size, felt that they could pay only $15 a month for any kind of living quarters.

The large majority of the families expressed a willingness to pay the same amount for quarters in Knickerbocker Village as they paid for their present living quarters.

A few of the other items of interest brought by the survey follow:

Before leaving the "lung block," 260 families lived in apartments with the toilets in the halls. After moving to new quarters, 206 still had their toilets in the halls. Before moving, all the families had to use coal stoves for heating; after moving, 320 out of the 386 still used coal heating. Three hundred and sixty-one had no bathtubs at all before moving, and after moving 148 families were still without any kind of bathing facilities in their own apartments. But whereas only 25 had bathtubs in their kitchens before moving, 144 families had them in their kitchens after moving. An improvement it is true, but out of the entire 386, only 54 families had, after moving, any kind of bathing facilities which might be termed modern.

The primary test of course, is the matter of rentals. Before leaving the lung block, 340 of the families paid up to $25 a month for flats, but only 312 were able to find places for $25 a month or less after moving. At the same time only 8 families paid $30 a month or more before moving, but 28 paid $30 and up after moving. A more detailed examination of the comparative rentals demonstrates even more thoroughly that most of the families are paying the same amount or more for the same kind of quarters they had before moving.

When Mr. French read some of these facts as reported by the newspapers after the results of the survey were made public, he was angry. He wrote a letter to the New York Times declaring that the survey was wrong, that 85 percent of the families had moved away from the neighborhood and that the Lavanburg Foundation and Hamilton House were suppressing the real facts. Furthermore, he believed this to be ungrateful conduct in view of the fact that most of the information for the survey had come from his office. Subsequently he was forced to retract his protest, because it was his protest and not the facts of the survey that was untruthful.

One is sorely tempted to end the presentation of such facts as these by a strong agitational appeal for working class action to force real slum clearance. But that's hardly necessary. The facts are there. They are not an isolated collection. They symbolize the housing program of the New Deal. And as more workers continue to wake up to the true meaning of the New Deal, the facts themselves will become a spur to action. It's only a question of time before the workers begin some slum clearance of their own. It'll probably start on Park Avenue and Wall Street.

Funeral in Vienna

ROBERT GESSNER

VIENNA.

THE first democratic dictator in Europe (how he insisted on the "democracy"!) lay in state in the Town Hall. He was a little man, but he had a full-sized coffin. The soldiers surrounded him, guarding against death; and the candles lighted the path in and out. Nuns were at his feet and God leaned down from a cross over him. Thousands of burghers, black and fat, hurried in a shuffling stream past him at the rate of four a minute. Guards controlled the flow of the stream with curt whispers, keeping its speed at four per second. Outside the Town Hall half-a-dozen different brands of soldiers in the varied uniforms of their respective armies guarded the death house from death. Along the streets shops were closed and black drapes hung down in long streams from the windows. At night rows of windows were illuminated with candles. The townsfolk in their middle class manner showed their grief. He was one of them.

The dictator in Europe lay in state in St. Stephane's Cathedral, the oldest in Vienna, dating from the thirteenth century. Going through a side door on their way to the services were half a dozen minor priests nudging one another in the ribs and laughing. The Viennese have a reputation for good-nature, displayed apparently on all occasions. The cafés lining the main streets where the procession was to pass were filled with people waiting over cups of coffee. At some tables sat officers in imperial uniforms, chatting and laughing as though waiting for a train. These, the feudal clergy and the feudal military, were not grief-stricken over the little "peasant." The police officers at the intersections chatted amicably, greeting one another with Viennese handshakes and pleasant salutes. It appeared they were waiting for a parade. The thousands of burghers that lined the streets stood for hours in a heavy silence. You could hear the silence of the thousands of them waiting. For hours their cousins from the country marched, guilds of burghers from the provinces. Catholics from the provinces, Styrians, Carinthians, Salzburgers, and the wildly costumed peasants from the Tyrol. These, the peasant Catholics, were moved into silence. They were not Viennese. When their spiritual contact with God, the Cardinal, headed the procession you could see the contrast. He sat in the back of an enormously luxurious car, his hand raised in benediction, and he smiled to the right and left. The cars of archbishops and minor dignitaries of the church smiled likewise. It was an occasion for recognition. The cars of military *papier-maché* colonels saluted each his uniformed followers at the street corners with the kind of a salute that said: "See, here I am at this important hour."

The hearse came down the street at a rapid speed, as though the driver wanted to get rid of it. The people in the street had waited nine hours for it and in two seconds it had come and gone.

But the military lingered on; they were all over the streets, very much alive and very much more important in appearance than any corpse. They wore medals and bright uniforms that they had won as majors and colonels defending the Fatherland. Dollfuss was a mere rank-and-file machine-gunner.

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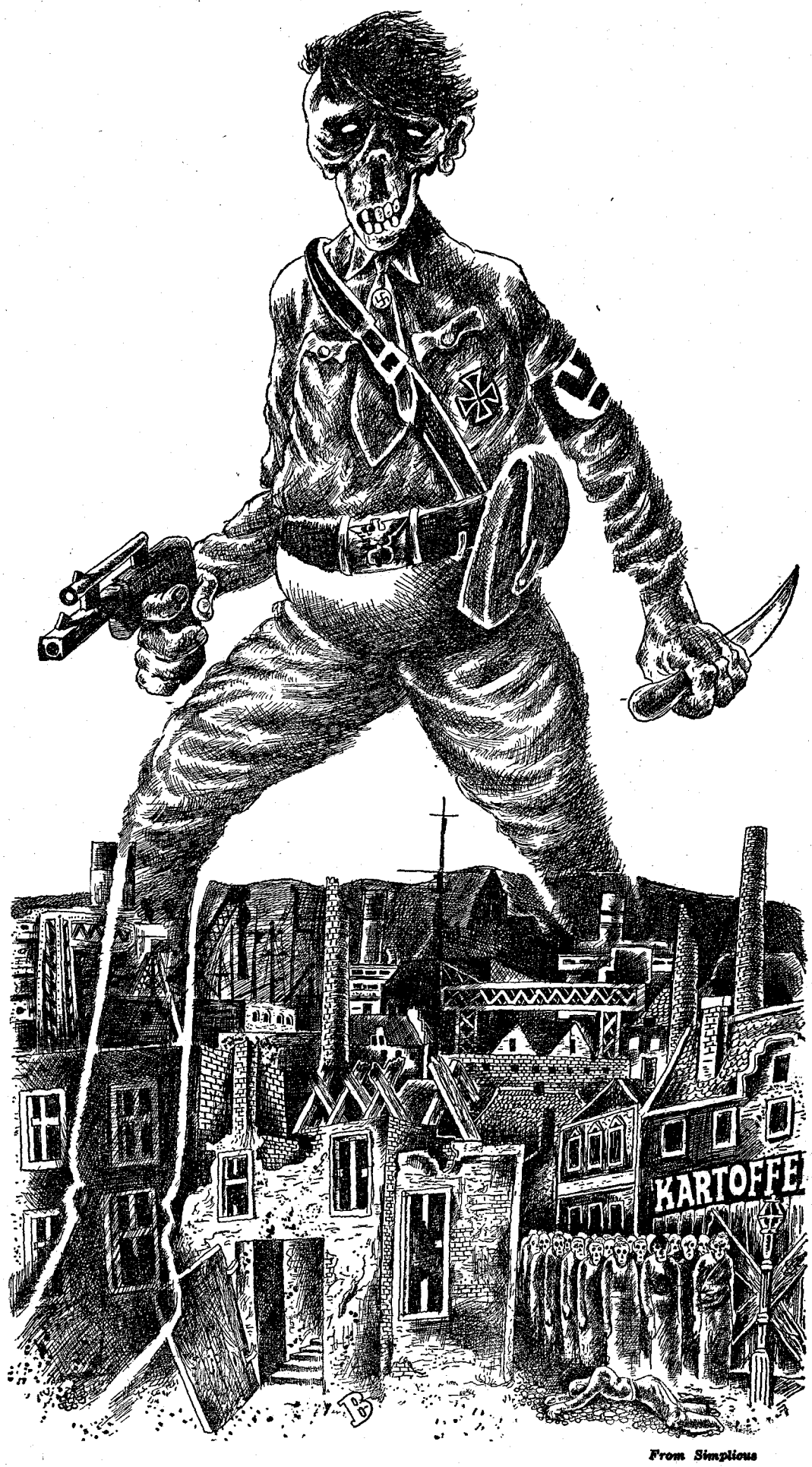
They buried the dictator in the family plot, beside his young daughter who had died last year. The dictator lay in an unmarked grave. On the right of him and on the left of him are great monuments. One is for the manufacturer of traveling baggage and is of imposing black marble; the other is for a contractor of electrical equipment.

The dictator insisted he was of the people, for the people, and by the people so that unlike dictators "imposed" upon the people it was unnecessary for him to have a personal bodyguard. He claimed he relied for protection on the police like any other citizen. The afternoon the 144 Nazi *coup de'état*-ers entered the ministry disguised as police they were not democratically minded. They did not rap on the door before entering, and when the "democrat" Dollfuss heard them coming he did not say "auf wiedersehen," but left the room undemocratically. His valet followed him without any ceremony. He was in the middle of the enormous room where the Congress of Vienna sat and did plastic surgery to the map of Europe. He fell in the middle of the room and the face of Europe twitched. The Nazis put him on a couch and left him to bleed to death, without allowing a doctor through the lines or a priest. The latter offense has shocked the Catholics tremendously.

Sitting in conference with Dollfuss at the time of the Nazi raid was Major Fey, "the hero of the February insurrection." Major Fey saved the nation from the menace of socialism; he was a hero, a great fighter, a Sir Galahad. Fearless, famous Fey. But when the Nazis raided did he protect his chancellor, or open fire on the Nazis? No, he went to the window repeatedly and asked the police not to shoot because he would be killed. His life was worth more than the 144 Nazis. Instead, he negotiated to allow the Nazis free and safe passage to the German frontier if they would not hurt him, now that the chancellor was dead. The moment Fey was safe, he had the 144 Nazis directed to the police headquarters where they were peeled of their skin within two inches of their lives.

The "democratic dictator" who was so concerned with the proprieties of his ascent died in an undemocratic manner and the world is shocked. The world was not so shocked when he was witness to and partner-in-crime of the undemocratic massacre of proletarians in February. It is true that he was in Budapest the Monday the police started and Fey became famous, but when he returned he did nothing. One of his first public acts, however, was to march bare-headed and weeping behind fifty-one policemen whom the Socialists had shot defending themselves.

I have visited Karl Marx Hof and Goethe Hof and the other workers' strongholds where the fighting took place. There is a repaired calm about them now; the new plaster does not quite blend with the old. The railway station behind Karl Marx Hof is still scarred with bullet marks. Outside of these no monument is there to show what the workers suffered. The only notice of the battle is two



From Simplicus

THE LEGACY

"He will lead you to better times"

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crosses painted in black on the pavement outside the entrance to one of the sections of Karl Marx Hof, and that is where two police officers fell.

Many of the most valiant fighters have disappeared. Many were killed. One who fought told me that the number was 2,777 throughout all Austria, and 48 women and 5 children. 1,655 were wounded. In Vienna alone 800 workers were killed and 667 wounded. But the police have moved in workers from other districts, who did not fight, in an attempt to break the unity. Also the rent has been raised from 39 schillings per month for two and a half rooms to 54, with the result that many families have been forced to move away. You can see them living in hovels along the cities' edge, or in poorly-constructed barracks. Many have been forced to cross the frontiers in order to escape imprisonment and torture. I talked to one such refugee in Saarbruchen. He was more fortunate than his 1,000 brothers who were arrested in February after the smoke had cleared. Many of these are still waiting in the prisons for their trials. The government has taken over private houses and turned them into jails to make room for the mass arrests.

But beneath this official and yet "democratic" terror the unity between the dissolved Social Democrats and the Communists is growing stronger each day. The new Austrian cabinet continues as the puppet state of Mussolini, a spearhead against Germany any day the master of the spear wants to throw it. The Heimwehr in the streets have on their faces the responsibility of the country. They have absolutely the same psychology as the Nazis against whom they are fighting: they are the saviors of Austria; they saved the country from the Socialists in February (when in reality the Socialists arose to resist a Heimwehr putsch) and they now claim victory for having saved the country from the Nazi putsch. Their leader, Starhemberg, makes Hitler-like speeches to the effect that give us the good old days when there were masters who took care of everybody and each man had his place and none of this Marxist chaos of the Twentieth Century. Such demagogy is genuine fascism. Dollfuss distrusted Starhemberg. But the "democracy" of Dollfuss did not differ in effect from the fascism of Starhemberg.

Dollfuss coined a law which made acts of sabotage punishable by death. Dollfuss excused this law by saying it was directed against Nazis, but the first to suffer from it was a militant Socialist worker, Josef Gerl. He had sabotaged railroad tracks and had wounded an attacking policeman. Gerl's courageous answers before his prosecutors are the utterances of a genuine martyr. "My ideal is worth more than my life," he told his accusers. The judges asked him, "Was your action against our Government?" "Yes," he answered. "Do you know that your affirmation means death?" Gerl answered, "Yes, I do." "Your reason?" asked the judges. "I made a demonstration against fascism because the government oppresses the workers." The last word of this young revolutionary in his early twenties, uttered on the scaffold, was *"Freiheit!"*

How do these ethics compare with Major Fey's, who, it was reported, conferred with his Nazi captors about a position in their cabinet-to-be during the hours Dollfuss bled to death?

Gerl, the Socialist, was executed the day before Dollfuss was shot. At that time Nazis were also being tried for acts of sabotage, but none was executed and their sentences were comparatively lighter. From February to July 1,116 workers have received 1,289 years of sentences. The terror against the Austrian working class has been increasing daily since February. Between five and six thousand Socialists and Communists are in prisons. These prisons treat political cases worse than criminal, modeling their menu on the Hitler seasoning: insufficient food, insufficient relaxation, and, of course, brutalization.

How are the underground forces surging upwards against this legalized fascism? The *Schutzbund,* of course, is forbidden. But on July 15 in woods near Vienna Social-Democrats and Communists came together in an illegal assembly. It was the seventh anniversary of the 1927 massacre of Austrian workers. Between three and four thousand or so gathered; police came and shot into the group. Three workers lay dead: Liesinger, Reitmayer and Frölich. Their funeral on the 18th was attended by many workers, and the police again attacked them—this time with machine-guns.

From such terrorism 1125 Austrian workers have fled to Czecho-Slovakia, and out of this number 535 have gone already to Russia. Of the Social-Democrats remaining in Czecho-Slovakia thirty have been expelled by their "leaders" for being too red. They and thirty Communist refugees from Austria are living with Czecho-Slovakian workers' families. The ranks of these insurgents are being swelled daily by dissolved Austrian Nazis, fleeing for their lives from the fire of the S.S. troopers and the Reichswehr. The Social-Democrats have lodged the remainder of their refugees in six camps through Czecho-Slovakia. Later in Prague, I was to visit one of these camps: Camp Zbraslov. There in an old hotel, ironically titled "Hotel Ritz," are 62 *Schutzbund*-ers. Eighty-four had already gone to the Soviet Union; the rest looked healthily restless from the need of action. I was escorted through the camp by Social-Democrat officials and by petty officials of the *Einheitsverband der Privatangestellten* of Czecho-Slovakia, which corresponds to our American Federation of Labor, except that it is more petty bourgeois. They chaperoned me diligently, and when my line of questioning became apparent they attempted to hurry me along. Managing later to be in the courtyard alone I questioned the young ex-*Schutzbund*-ers. They pressed on me their addresses and names, and besought me to arrange for them in Moscow when I got there. On the way out they saluted, not with "Freundschaft," but with fists and "Rot Front!"

The increasing momentum in Austria goes on. You do not see proletarian youths in the uniforms of the private armies of fascism. But I saw them on Sunday along the Danube, before Goethe Hof. They were united in sports, brown and healthy. You can see them wheeling through the streets in batches on bicycles. They read in increasing numbers the illegal papers, *Rote Fahne, Schutzbund,* and *Der Freie Arbeiter*—now amounting to over 110,000 circulation. I saw them returning to the city from their day in the sun. They are hopeful contrasts to the increasing rows of beggars and prostitutes. They have determined faces and the condemned steel bridge shook with the thunder of their number in trams and buses, on bicycles and on foot. Legal and illegal "democracy" died with Dollfuss. It is a war between Fascist German and Fascist Austrians on one side and Communist-Socialists united on the other.

WHITE COLLAR

My father sat a stool where payrolls move
Beneath gold pens controlled by power and greed;
I watched him writhe, but knew our family need
Would hold him captive in his hated groove.

Life seemed a farce with no straight road ahead
For me, that was not paved by broken backs;
I found a bridge and asked of Death cold facts—
Would there be stone or worms when I was dead?

Death with his bitter breath made this reply:
"Fool! Having never lived, how can you die?"
Ashamed, I ventured down where pickets throbbed
Against the sweatshop Dad had served for years;
I heard sick children wail oppression's tears,
And saw them tug at breasts which greed had robbed.

With blood on fire I knew them for my own—
These laborers wounded, bleeding, gassed, and spurned;
"Comrades!" I cried, "Another worm has turned,"
And swung for justice young fists knobbed to stone.

Death stalked me but I heeded not his goad:
Life would have purpose when we'd paved the road.

AUDREY ASHLEY.

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Technicians in Revolt

SIDNEY HILL

THERE HAVE been several attempts made to calculate the extent of unemployment among technicians. The difficulties involved in such a task are obvious. There are no comprehensive official figures except for the small percentage in civil service, and the nature of the professional field, especially today, is such as to make possible only rough guesses. A much-quoted survey by Columbia University estimated recently that among architects 95 percent are without work in their field; among engineers 85 percent, and among chemists 65 percent.

These estimates, however, and the current controversy in which the Administration places the total number of unemployed at 8 million, the A. F. of L. at 10 million and more reliable observers at about 15 million, are only of academic interest to the average technical worker. He may not know, because he is so largely disorganized, just how many of his fellow technicians are also out of jobs. Nevertheless, he does know that he is terribly hard hit. Indeed he has been so hard hit that he has taken an amazing step. Under the bludgeoning of the crisis he has begun to cast off the carefully cultivated tradition that blinded him to the fact that, in the last analysis, the architect, the engineer and the chemist are in the same boat as other workers—not only those of "brain" but also those of "brawn." The technician has begun to organize.

The phenomenon of technical workers in varied fields uniting in a clearly visioned mutuality of interest did not occur easily. There were many intervening developments.

The crash of 1929 accelerated the collapse of the construction industry. For five years the architect and engineer watched the steadily declining indices of building activity until, in March, 1933, with construction practically at a standstill, their outlook was gloomy indeed. A similar, though perhaps less extreme, predicament confronted the technicians in the light and heavy industries—the chemists, the laboratory workers and the like. Profits continued to fall and the inevitable "economies" meant that the professional, who thought he occupied a special, favored berth, was discharged along with the rest. In fact he was discharged ahead of the rest. The percentage of unemployment for architects is at least 25 percent greater than that of the other building trades workers. And most industrial establishments quickly discovered methods of getting along with an even lower than usual percentage of laboratory and research workers. In addition to increasing unemployment, the technician was faced with a decreasing wage scale. Not only were his resources drained by unemployment but it began to be obvious that even if he found work it would be on the basis of a lower standard of living.

The Spring of 1933, which established a record low in the technicians' plight, also marked, it is significant to note, the more or less simultaneous birth of the New Deal and the organizational movement which was to become known, a bit later, as the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians. The "white-collar" professional, although he didn't realize it completely, was being offered not one "way out" but two.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the special promises made to the "white-collar" worker by the New Deal are a direct measure of the seriousness of his predicament. Roosevelt offered public works first. The P. W. A. was set up to prime the business pump by administering public funds to "socially useful" projects. Under the P. W. A. there was created the Public Works Emergency Housing Corporation to aid in curing unemployment by clearing slums and building low rental housing for workers. Then there was the C. W. A. and its branch the C. W. S.—the latter being the special "white-collar" projects. The idea, of course, was uniquely "American"—it was to be "work-relief instead of the dole."

Looking back, the technician must be amazed to recall how he was taken in by the New Deal demagogy. Today he knows that from the point of view of benefit to the workers of the country, including himself, the grand schemes of the P. W. A. have failed. Huge sums of money were spent or "earmarked" but most of it has gone to railroads, banks and the greatest share, for armaments. Very little has gone into socially useful public works through which the technician particularly hoped to find progressive employment. Moreover, there is a definite tendency at this time for the Federal and local Administrations, in sensitive response to the demands of the chambers of commerce, not only to refrain from carrying out sufficient publicly useful projects but to institute so-called economy programs *which reduce expenditures and increase the very condition of unemployment they have promised to remove.*

The Public Works Emergency Housing Corporation accomplished none of its avowed objectives. The real estate boards, which would not tolerate even the diluted competition involved in the inadequate government program, saw to that. The latest episode in this game is the National Housing Act—which is not a housing act at all. On the contrary it is nicely calculated to restrict new construction, particularly low rental housing and slum clearance. Its primary purpose apparently, is to enable the Administration to legally guarantee, for the benefit of building loan officials and bankers, loans and mortgages which these gentlemen had heretofore very plainly indicated were too risky. It will, in short, round out another facet of Administration policy. But it will do little for the technical worker or, for that matter, for any other worker.

The C. W. A. and C. W. S. were officially abolished last Spring and the whole business dumped onto the local Emergency Relief Administrations. The technician observed that, in the process, great numbers were fired outright and the already low wages slashed to a mere subsistence level. Moreover, he began to discern, with much clearer and experienced vision, that the slogans about "work relief instead of the dole" were being abandoned in favor of the miserable sub-standard un-"American" handouts of the "home relief" system.

The New Deal leaves the technician, as it does all other workers, worse off than it found him. His savings and credit are gone and he is suffering from a degree of unemployment that is astounding even in these critical times. This condition is serious enough in itself, but a recent survey reveals several startling aspects of the technician's predicament which are not apparent at first glance. The results of this survey were published in a pamphlet, *Attitudes and Unemployment,* and were collated by C.W.A. workers under the direction of O. Milton Hall at Columbia University. The subjects were 660 engineers, 360 of whom were unemployed and 300 employed.

Mr. Hall states that the "discovery of the changing attitudes of the professional engineers is particularly significant because of the important role which this occupational group plays in our rapidly changing industrialized society." The director of this detailed study discovers a great many points on which the attitude of these men have undergone revision, such as their lowered opinion of the employer, of religion, etc. But perhaps the most important aspect which the survey measured is the changed attitude of these unemployed men toward their work. It states that "75 percent of the unemployed showed a poorer occupational morale than the average employed man."

We may disagree with Mr. Hall's opinion that the reason for the present crisis in general and the plight of the technical man in particular is that "the engineers' technical advances have been so rapid that our social organization shows signs of cracking beneath the strain." Many of us feel that he is mistaking an effect for a cause. We may more correctly reason that instead of "technical advances" being too rapid, they have not nearly kept pace with the engineers' capacity for improvement, and that the "cracks" which the survey sees in our social organization are themselves the cause of the blocking of technological progress.

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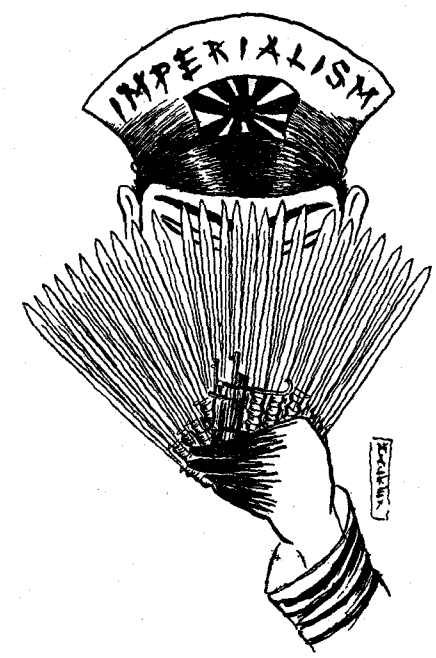
We cannot, however, dispute Mr. Hall's conclusion that the toll of continued unemployment is not only economic, but psychological. The man without a job suffers loss not only in his pocket book and his standard of living, although this is vital enough, but also in his sense of security, in his social "attitude."

Here then were some of the objective factors which caused the technician to become aware of the other "way out." He began, in increasing numbers, to realize that no solution to his plight was going to be handed down from above, as it were, but that if he were going to better his lot at all it would have to be through his own efforts and that of his fellows.

After a series of conferences, the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians was officially launched, in August, 1933, as a national economic organization of technical employes. This ceremony was hardly finished when the Federation was faced with a tremendous problem. The N.R.A. codes were being written and the old-guard American Society of Civil Engineers and the American Institute of Architects had obligingly submitted codes with "minimum" wage provisions of 40 cents per hour for engineers and 50 cents for architects. The following weeks were exciting ones and the Federation entered the fight with all the vigor of its newly-sensed strength. The issue ended with a technical victory for the Federation since no code for architects or engineers was ever signed. True, the proposal of the Federation for a blanket code based on Civil Service rates for all technicians with minimum weekly wages of $65, $45, $30 for senior, junior and clerks respectively, was not realized. And it is also true that the C.W.A. and N.E.R.A. wages for technical workers, which averaged between $21 and $27 per week, were rapidly becoming the standard even in private business. Nevertheless, the fight on the codes was productive of some very valuable results for the technician.

For one thing, he had a clean cut picture of the essential division of interests as between his employer (as represented by the A.I.A. and the A.S.C.E.) and himself. For another, the membership, during that period, grew by leaps and bounds. Chapters were established in over a dozen cities from coast to coast and in New York alone 3,000 members were enrolled. And stemming from this struggle, the Federation was able to win a signal concession from the P.W.A. on wage rate for technical workers. This concession, although not entirely satisfactory, provides, on P.W.A. projects only, for "prevailing rates" and a minimum of $36 in the northern zone, $33 in the central zone and $30 in the southern.

Of course, the Federation has many members in Civil Service and in private employ, and these fields represent a good share of its activities. However, in view of the extent of unemployment and in view of the nature of relief work and the problems it raised, the greatest concentration of organized Federation effort has been and continues in the sphere of



Mackey

the C.W.A. and now the N.E.R.A. The issues here were, and are, many and serious. First, the growing volume of lay-offs due to the desperate determination of business to reduce governmental budgets. In the beginning it was claimed that the discharged workers would be "absorbed" by private business and when this pretense became too thin, it was claimed that lay-offs were based on proof of lack of need. But the recent wholesale abolition, without investigation for need, of a New York Slum Clearance Project involving some 1,300 technicians and "white collar" workers with their work unfinished and with not a single slum clearance project started, indicates that these transparent excuses will not serve much longer.

A second issue involves wage cutting. This applies not only to direct cuts on the relief jobs themselves, but also to the increasing use, by local administrations, of relief workers at relief wages on necessary work which formerly commanded two or three times the remuneration. The New York Post estimates that in New York City alone there are over 5,000 relief workers doing the routine work of the municipal department and indicates further that many of these workers were formerly in civil service and are now doing exactly that same work at the lower salary.

A third issue is the widely prevalent practice of official intimidation in connection with organizational activities. There have been numerous cases of dismissals and other less open forms of discrimination against Federation men. The "red" scare, of course, has been raised by officials and newspapers to cover the more outrageous attacks on the status of relief workers, and in order to embarrass organizational work.

On all of these questions the Federation has had serious struggles and many victories. But it is noteworthy that ground was won only as a result of organized effort. Under the leadership of the Federation, the technician for the first time demonstrated and picketed in defense of his job and rights, and in many instances found himself side by side with other workers before relief bureaus and at city halls together facing police clubs and horses. These activities frequently resulted in reinstatements and the halting of announced lay-offs. Furthermore, the procedure of having grievance committees instead of individuals present complaints directly to administrations at stated intervals has been established, and the right to organize on the projects strengthened. However, these issues are by no means settled and the future calls for redoubled organized effort along these lines.

The technician, in the past year or so, has finally been able to evaluate the sincerity of the government in solving the problems of the worker. He has seen the legerdemain involved in the P.W.A., C.W.A., N.E.R.A., and the others, and has even sensed the identity of the real manipulators of this sleight-of-hand performance. In a word, the technical worker realizes that the Administration's plans cannot or *will not solve his problems.* And so he has decided to formulate his own.

The Federation, for two or three months now, has been developing a Public Works and Housing Program. Committees were established in all the chapters and intensive research and planning schedules drawn up. Out of this came first: a general "Statement of Principles on Public Works" which was published in the June issue of the Federation *Bulletin* and, immediately following, specific local programs of public works including low rental housing, parks and playgrounds, sanitation projects such as modern sewage disposal, thermal reclamation of waste, etc., etc. In the process of formulating his own solution for his problems, the technician learned some lessons. He learned the nature and the precise weaknesses of the forces which obstruct his welfare. But, more significantly, he learned his own capacity and strength. He now knows that he too can plan big projects. And he feels certain that he can also run them and make them work.

The unfulfilled promises of the New Deal and the intensity of his plight are causing the professional worker to cast off old prejudices and illusions. He knows now that he is a worker and, as a worker, that he must organize with his fellows to defend his living standards and rights. The Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians, this month celebrating its first anniversary, is an answer to this need. Its national membership is now approximately 10,000. The future course of the organization is indicated by its three point program of action:

1. The prevention of lay-offs of technical workers and the winning of better wages and conditions of work on the jobs.
2. The formulation and initiation of socially useful public works in order to provide immediate employment for technicians and other workers.
3. The endorsement and support of the campaign for the enactment of the Workers' Unemployment and Social Insurance Bill.

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The Women's Fight Against War

ANN BARTON

A FEW DAYS AGO, the American delegation of the International Women's Congress Against War and Fascism returned to the United States. The women who came down the gangplank of the Ile de France, were a vital unified group. Before their participation in the Congress at the Hall of the Mutualité in Paris, August 4th, 5th, and 6th, they had been leaders of hundreds of thousands of women in stockyards and factories, throughout the country, women on parched farms of the West, and tenant farms of the South. One of them, Mabel Byrd, had been until recently a government official; some were teachers and nurses. There were Communists, Socialists, church women and pacifists. All had returned from Paris united by the bonds of a manifesto against war and Fascism adopted unanimously by them during the closing sessions of the Congress.

A significant group of Negro and white women, perhaps the most outstanding, among them was their grey-haired, vigorous 73-year-old leader, Ella Reeve Bloor. For forty years, an uncompromising fighter against imperialist war and oppression, her activities against capitalism and its off-shoots of misery and war, have won her a unique place in the regard and affection of tens of thousands of militant workers and farmers. A remarkable woman, "Mother" Bloor, her story is one in itself. Now, she insists, the story of that Congress is the one that must be brought clearly to the men and women workers and intellectuals of this country.

"The actual living fact of Fascism," said Mother Bloor, "was present at the Paris Congress."

The Congress is called to order at the Hall of the Mutualité by an Englishwoman, Mme. Haden Guest, who states, "We are gathered here, an accusation against the capitalist system out of which war and Fascism are born!"

The newly elected presidium of 25 world famous women (among whom are Mme. Kirsanova, a Russian Bolshevik since 1903, Mme. Vuellemin, mother of a hero of the French barricades, Mmes. Stenzer and Munichreiter, whose husbands were murdered by German and Austrian Fascism, Dolores Passionada, Spanish revolutionary, and Ella Reeve Bloor), step off the platform. Their places are taken by Henri Barbusse and a group of French World War veterans in full uniform, who in greeting the women lay solemnly before them the tasks of their Congress.

Eleven-year-old Moenich Reites is selling pamphlets near the doors. He is called to the front of the hall. He is Austrian, the youngest delegate present and shows no hesitation. He springs to the microphone:

"They hanged my father," the lad says, "together with his comrade Wallisch who fought side by side on the barricades, to wage war against Fascism. But the workers lost because their leaders were not right, and because the workers were still disunited. My father led the Socialist Schutzbund. At first they wounded him severely. Then they arrested him together with our comrade Wallisch and condemned them to death. Then they hanged him. But my father was firm until the end. Even when facing the noose, my father shouted 'Long live the world revolution!' Now at last we have the red united front. Soon we shall have the victorious proletarian revolution.

"Never forget our heroes!" the boy cries, "For myself, my father has not died in vain. Our dead ones give the inspiration to go on with our fight against war and Fascism!" After the boy his mother speaks.

The credentials are tabulated. Women are here from Indo China, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Greece, from Hungary and Jugo-Slavia, forty women from the Saar Valley, a Javanese woman, as well as women from all leading imperialist countries, and from the Soviet Union. Many from Fascist countries, have had to reach the Congress by devious means, and succeeding, make up the total of 1,088 women. A view of the composition of the French delegation will show the diverseness of types of women present. There are approximately: 1 capitalist; 15 business women; 55 manual workers; 38 teachers; 2 representatives of workers' cooperatives; 16 nurses; 68 general workers; 169 housewives; 22 professional women; 70 employers. Included among these women are members of such organizations as the League of God, the Social Democratic Party, various feminist organizations, pacifist organizations, Christian Socialists, as well as leading members of many Communist Parties of the world.

"There never was such a united front women's conference of such composition that achieved unanimity before," said Mother Bloor. "Despite their various beliefs, these women met under the same roof, for the first time, and succeeded in hammering out a common program."

Mother Bloor herself addresses the delegates early in the Congress. The minutes of the Congress report her speech: "Then comrade Bloor, American delegate is greeted with long applause; she exalts the grandeur of the fight against war and Fascism. The words of the ardent speaker call forth a tempest of enthusiastic applause. The women will hinder the coming of Fascism! They shall save their husbands and sons!"

Others of the American delegation take leading parts in the Congress. Capitola Tasker, Negro sharecropper's wife, whose journey to Paris, from Alabama, was her first trip of more than a few miles from her husband and farm, is elected a member of the Presidium. Mrs. Barr, a Milwaukee Socialist, and Mabel Byrd, Negro intellectual, who resigned a few months ago from the N.R.A. apparatus because of its discrimination against Negroes, are chairmen of two sessions. Young Ida Kunca, Auto Workers' Union delegate, offers in her warmly received speech eight proposals on immediate work to the Congress. They include the establishing of committees against war and Fascism in every factory, every department, in the unions, in the neighborhoods, among the unorganized as well as the organized workers. "We must make every effort to stop war preparations, now taking place in the factories. We must appeal to marine workers and longshoremen to stop shipments of war materials!" The women from all over the world show audible approval of this practical program.

Telegrams begin coming to the Congress from the four corners of the world. Maxim Gorki, Romain Rolland send greetings. Five thousand workers in the Telegraph Centre in Moscow, as well as a group of Spanish government workers bid its work good speed. Other telegrams come from the Swedish Commercial High School for Feminine Social Science, from the Geneva Initiative Committee for the World Women's Congress. The chief of the Swedish delegation, Anna Lindhardt, sister of the Social Democratic mayor of Stockholm reads a letter from the League of Social Democratic Swedish Women, demanding close collaboration of all women against Fascism.

Georges Dimitroff writes in behalf of himself and his mother: "In the war to come, the women shall not only have to suffer as mothers and women; they directly shall be drawn into the bloody barbarity of war. In creating among the women a profound aversion against war, it is necessary, first of all, to organize a complete daily United Front fight of all the workers against the preparations of war and war propaganda, against Fascism, chauvinism, and militarism, for the defense of the U. S. S. R., guardian of peace between nations."

An English feminist after hearing eye-witness tales of Fascist torture of women in concentration camps, states slowly and deliberately "Under Fascism, women will never be able to establish their place. Even though the greatest sacrifice is necessary, women must erect a bulwark against Fascism. Our holiest task is to prevent the terror of war and protect from war our most sacred possessions, our children!"

There are speeches of pacifists, of Socialist women, showing their willingness to make a common program against war and Fascism.

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Step by step the united front is being built.

Mme. Salmon, a delegate of the Christian Socialists, states: "The truly Christian working women shall understand that war is a crime. The Christian Socialists are willing to fight in the front ranks of the proletarian revolution against an anti-Christian society."

One ringing speech follows another, establishing the fact of Fascism, not only in Italy and Germany, but its beginnings in the so-called democratic countries. The Argentine delegate speaks movingly of the war "raging now for two years between Paraguay and Bolivia, in reality between Standard and Royal Dutch Oil Companies. We are always threatened by the terror of the government in a permanent fight against the war and for our liberty!" Rosa Reyside of Harlem brings a letter from the Scottsboro mothers to the Convention. The women spring to their feet shouting for the freedom of the Scottsboro boys.

On the last day of the Congress, after being detained, the ten delegates from the Soviet Union enter the Congress Hall. It is the highest point of the Congress. The delegation is headed by Stassova and Kirsanova (leading Russian Communists) and includes the famous woman scientist of the Cheliushkin expedition, and sturdy women from the factories and farms. At that moment something electric startles the Convention.

"It seemed," said Mother Bloor, "that then a wave of realization came over all of us that women could never be free until we had abolished the cause of war and all women's oppression and inequality—the capitalist system!" The whole audience goes wild, and though all are not Communists, all rise to their feet and sing the *Internationale,* each in her language. The French delegation shouts "Soviets Partout! Soviets Partout!" ("Soviets Everywhere!") The other women of the Congress take up the cry. The Russian women are the most remarkable women of the Congress, beautiful, with the vigor, dignity and poise that can only exist in women of the only liberated country of the entire world.

A woman from the Bashkir Soviet Republic speaks. She relates how women had been sold in her country as slaves. Now they are free and a factor in Soviet life and culture. "Only one road," she says, "can free women and the world from the growing pressure of war and Fascism. The road of October!"

The desire for complete unity is expressed in the speech of a delegate from the Saar, who has been much impressed by the resounding plea for a unified program made in every Communist's speech. She is Mrs. Wodarzack, one of the leaders of the Socialist Party of the Saar. She says: "In the Saar Region, a united front of the Socialist and Communist Parties was formed. Deeply influenced by our united front, about thirty percent of the Catholic women have organized themselves in opposition to Hitler. I appeal to the women of the entire world to follow the example of the Saar, and to bring about a united front everywhere, so that the bond of Socialism shall embrace the entire world!"

"The Manifesto adopted unanimously by the women of the Congress, assures those who are fighting against war today, that strong organizations will back them," Mother Bloor holds. The Manifesto adopted unanimously warns the imperialists of the world that 1934 is not 1914 when left-wing Socialists disassociating themselves from the treacherous nationalism of the Socialist Party leaders, still had no unified program against war, when I. W. W.'s, liberals, pacifists, even in their own organizations were disunited.

The Manifesto adopted at the Paris Congress binds those participating to "take part without hesitation in all demonstrations against war and Fascism; to support the protests of the workers; their demonstrations, their strikes, their boycott of the transport of war materials." It states these women are "against the nationalism, the chauvinism, and the racism which excite the peoples against one another and which throw them into imperialist war; against militarism, armament, the transport of war materials, and against the militarization of the population in general and of the youth in particular."

The Manifesto declares itself against all war budgets; "for total disarmament and for diverting the quantities of gold designed for war to purposes of social and cultural progress; for the support of the noble emancipatory struggle of the colonial peoples and the oppressed nations; for the defense of the rights of the Chinese people, and the immediate cessation of the war against China, particularly against Soviet China." The Manifesto supports the peace policy of the Soviet Union, and is "for the defense of the Soviet Union against the provocations of the imperialists."

It calls for the defense of the working population's democratic liberties; the total emancipation of women; "the liberation of Ernst Thaelmann and all men and women anti-Fascists of the world imprisoned, tortured and condemned side by side with the opponents of war"; for freedom of the schools from nationalist control.

Recognizing the misery and oppression existing 20 years after the World War, the fact that "Fascism is also attacking in the countries of democratic appearance and pretension," and above all that "humanity is threatened by an unprecedented calamity" ("In a few months, perhaps in a few weeks, we may be precipitated into a great catastrophe,") the Manifesto calls to all women of all countries of the world to form a "concerted and powerful mass movement . . . of women of all countries and social strata who suffer from war and Fascism." It calls upon women everywhere to form Women's Committees against War and Fascism.

The Second United States Congress Against War and Fascism that meets in Chicago next month, September 28th to 30th, will provide for the fulfilling of the tasks laid down in the Manifesto and others necessary in the United States. Mother Ella Reeve Bloor is already involved in the organizing of the Congress to that end.

Vagrancy Trial

TOM JOHNSON

IT WAS stifling in the courtroom. To the left of the center aisle a half hundred whites, the women in summer dresses, the men with shirt sleeves rolled high and neckbands open, lolled listlessly on the straight-backed benches. Beads of sweat slowly gathered on their temples, grew to drops and then rolled down their cheeks. Some mopped their faces with handkerchiefs already wringing wet; others vainly stirred the close hot air with palmetto fans. To the right sweat poured likewise from the gleaming faces of a smaller number of blacks, segregated from the whites by the wide aisle. The drone of lazy, whispered conversation rose from both groups and merged above their heads in a monotonous, lulling buzz that filled the whole courtroom and made you want to bury your head in your arms and sleep this weary day away.

The wide doors at the rear swung open, necks craned and then the whole court rose as old Judge Hadley slowly shambled down the aisle to take his place behind the flat-topped desk that served as bench. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but, with a look of mild annoyance on his face, picked away industriously at a piece of food caught between his teeth. He had just finished lunch.

The Judge was a spare, wiry man in his middle fifties. His gaunt face was carved in heavy lines running from his nose to the corners of a sardonic mouth and along the sides of a lean jaw. He was in shirt sleeves and without a collar. He sat down, having finally extracted the bit of food from between his teeth, whittled off a generous portion of plug tobacco, chewed with deliberation a moment or two and then spat unerringly into the

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mouth of the brass cuspidor to the left of his desk. He looked pleased and settled back in his chair. Court was in session.

The first hour passed swiftly, enlivened by the Judge's biting sallies at the expense of the unfortunates who came before him.

A wizened Negro charged with running a crap game. The arresting policeman introduced a pair of dice as evidence. The Judge toyed with them on his desk.

"Boy, you like to gamble, don't you?"

"Yas suh, Judge, guess Ah does, sur!"

"All right! Take those dice and roll your own sentence. We'll just see how good you are." A titter ran through the courtroom.

The Negro rolled the dice out on the desk. The Judge grinned in satisfaction. "A pair of fives! And you call yourself a gambler! Why, boy, you need to be protected from men that know how to handle those bones. I'm going to do you a favor and put you away where they can't get at you. Six months on the county roads! Next case."

A hard looking white girl charged with improper dancing in a public dance hall.

"Just what did you do, girl?"

"Why Judge, Your Honor, Ah was jes' shimmyin' a little when that man arrested me. I've never been in no trouble befo'."

"Let's see what this shimmyin' is. Do it right here."

The girl smiled up at him. She shook her shoulders, her full breasts wobbled drunkenly and her hips writhed.

"Turn round and shimmy down that aisle." Obediently the girl moved down the aisle. "Now keep on goin' through that do' and don't come back!" the Judge yelled after her.

The young prosecutor turned in mock alarm as the girl disappeared.

"Why Judge, aren't you going to fine that girl?"

"Fine her hell!—But I'll sure *find* her if she's in town tonight!" The courtroom roared and the Judge settled back complacently.

"Harry Pearson and Gene Ferris." The clerk's voice cut sharply through the laughter.

The courtroom was packed now. Even the space between the last row of seats and the wall was filled with standing white men. The crowd leaned forward, tense, expectant. They had been waiting for this. A mutter of excited comment filled the room. The Judge rapped sharply for order.

A short, square-built white man rose quickly from the front row where he had been seated between a pair of cops and faced the Judge. His head was thrust forward aggressively and his bright blue eyes surveyed the Judge and the prosecutor with an air at once wary and somewhat amused. Beside him stood a tall young Negro in blue work shirt and overalls.

The prosecutor leaned his elbow on the Judge's desk in a confidential attitude. "This is a mighty peculiar case, Your Honor. These men are charged with vagrancy. They were arrested after that meetin' in the Park last Thursday. This here Pearson feller is one of that bunch of Yankee Reds that have come down here from New York to teach us how to treat our niggers and to raise general hell. The Ferris nigger is a local boy who took up with 'em. Last week they plastered hand bills all ovah town announcin' a gatherin' in Center Park, and Thursday afternoon a crowd of three, four hundred niggers met up there by the monument. You know, Judge, niggers ain't allowed in that park and that in itself was in violation of law. Pearson got up and made a speech stirrin' those ignorant niggers up against the gov'ment and our white citizens and then he persuaded the po' deluded fools to go down to the Community Chest offices to start a rumpus with those folks, when the good Lord knows they're doin' their best to help the unemployed. . . ."

The prosecutor's soft voice rose and he turned to face the crowded benches. He no longer spoke to the judge alone; with an expansive gesture, he took the whole courtroom into his confidence.

"After Pearson got done the whole blame crowd marched right down 21st Street, tyin' up traffic and shovin' not only men, but white *women* . . ."

The prisoner Harry Pearson leaned back between his guards and smiled wearily. Old stuff, he thought, but it's sure-fire down here. . . . The dynamite in this Negro question! . . . No wonder Jack couldn't get any of those liberals to go our bail. Southern liberalism shattered on the rock of Negro equality—darn if that isn't a good line! have to use it in an article some day. They won't believe it in the North—that old bastard sitting up there with a chew in his cheek—neither would I a month ago. . . . Oughta take notes on this guy, expose him when I sum up. . . . Another week in that lousy can without a bath or a shave and I'll go fruit.

The prisoner Gene Ferris thought of his wife. . . . She sure raised hell when she come down to the jailhouse but she's wrong . . . just don't understand, that's all, and afeerd for me. Reds ain't like the white folks down here, they'll stick by us colored . . . else how come the Law is so set agin 'em? An' we'll come clear. . . . May lose out with ole Judge Had, Harry says, but we'll take it to another co'te . . . an' Harry's smart as a whip. . . . Onliest thing is he don't believe in the true God . . . Lawd, Lawd, he's yo' chile, make him to see the light!

The prosecutor was concluding:

"Of course several officers had been detailed to observe the meetin'—if I'm not mistaken the Chief himself was there—and they followed the crowd down. The police was most lenient—too lenient I should say—but when the crowd tried to force their way into the Chest offices they did arrest Pearson and this nigger Ferris for leadin' 'em. We have established the fact that these men are vagrants with no means of support from a reputable source and I will ask for the maximum penalty under our laws."

The Judge looked up at the defendants. "Bob, for once I believe you're wrong," he said. "That boy don't look to me like a burrhead. I believe he's a Chinaman!" (Ferris' face was a light bronze. He had high cheekbones and his hair was almost straight.) The Judge turned to Harry. "So you're one of those Rooshian Reds, eh? First time I ever had a look at one of you critters." Guffaws shook the courtroom. ("Ole Judge'll sho' sock it to that nigger-loving' bastard.") The Judge didn't bother to rap for order this time.

"Well, how do you boys plead?"

"Not guilty," Harry answered for both.

"Have you an attorney?"

"No, we will defend ourselves."

A procession of beefy cops, several in plainclothes, passed from the benches to the witness chair and back again. Yes, they had been present at the meeting and had followed the crowd to the Community Chest. What had Pearson said at the meeting? Talked against the gov'ment—Said niggers were as good as white folks—Said the Comm*u*nists stood for social equality—Said they aimed to take this country over fer the niggers—Had they ever seen him before the meeting?—Once or twice, with that feller Layton that come down before him—Ever see him working?—No, never did—Any idea he does work or hold any regular job?—No, he's too busy stirrin' up the niggers—How about Ferris?—He's a local nigger. Usta work at Chalmers Number 4 mine. He ain't worked fer a year now. Jes' hangs round loafin.' Lately he's jined up with them Reds——

Each time, when the prosecutor finished, Harry dismissed the witness with a curt "No questions," but he paused before the last witness, Chief of Police Holmes himself.

"You say you have seen me several times before the meeting, Chief. Why didn't you arrest me then?"

"You weren't doin' nothin'."

"Why did you give the order to arrest me last Thursday at the meeting?"

"Because you was stirrin' up them niggers and I was afraid there would be a riot."

"Then you didn't arrest me for vagrancy, but because I was leading workers to the Community Chest to demand more food, is that it?" The prosecutor's objection was upheld.

"Do you see that red welt on Mr. Ferris' cheek?"

"I suppose you mean that nigger Ferris. We don't put a handle to a nigger's name down here."

"I mean that *Negro Mister* Ferris. You understand English when it's that plain, don't you?"

The chief flushed and gripped hard on the arms of his chair. "I see it!"

"Do you know how it got there?"

"No!"

"Is your memory so poor, Chief, that you don't remember beating this boy unconscious after his arrest because he wouldn't tell you and your thugs where to find Jack Layton, another Communist organizer?"

The angry muttering among the spectators grew in volume. ("Who th' hell does that Yankee rat think he is? Callin' a nigger *Mister!* I'd like to cut his tongue out? To hell with th' trial! A rope ovah a limb is

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what them babies need.") The Negroes sat up straighter, leaning forward with hard-clenched fists and defiant eyes. The Judge forgot his drawl and broke in swiftly, angrily:

"That'll be enough of insultin' our police in my co'rt, young man! Just you watch your step and keep to the point in your questioning or I'll have you arrested right here for contempt of co't!"

Ferris took the stand and Harry questioned him. He looked stiff and awkward sitting there with his great hands hanging loosely between his knees, but he wasn't flustered and he wasn't scared. He considered each question carefully and answered slowly.

"Why did you attend the meeting, Mr. Ferris?"

"'Cause my baby is dyin'. The meal we git from the Chest ain't enough. My wife's milk is dried up. I've got to git me milk fer my baby."

Under the prosecutor's blustering cross-examination he was firm, dignified. After each question he looked at Harry and Harry smiled back at him.

"Do you work, nigger?"

"Ah cain't git me no job. I've been outa work fer ovah a year."

"Do you belong to these here Reds?"

"No, suh, but Ah calk'lates to jine once I gits outa this trouble."

"Why do you want to hook up with that rotten outfit? Don't you know all they're after is to fill their pockets with the nickels an' dimes you fool niggers shell out to 'em? Pearson even took a collection off you."

"Ah ain't got no money, suh. If Ah did have some' Ah reckon I'd give some of it to th' Reds. It do seem like they's the only ones that is standin' up fer the colored folks, an' I knows they need money fer organizin' an' bandin' the people together."

The prosecutor dismissed him in disgust.

Harry didn't take the stand. He introduced an affidavit from the Communist Party headquarters in the North, stating that he was regularly employed and paid by the Communist Party as an organizer. He was granted ten minutes to sum up for the defense. The courtroom seethed; two hundred hostile eyes were on him as he rose to speak.

"I will not waste time with this ridiculous charge of vagrancy. That is not the issue here and every man in this courtroom knows it. What is the issue? Look out that window and across the street. You will see two lines of hungry, desperate, beaten men and women, waiting before the Community Chest Kitchen for their one miserable meal of the day. *That* is the issue here. We say those white and Negro workers, unemployed through no fault of their own, must and shall have bread, shelter, clothing. The ABS Corporation, the mill and mine owners who control this city, say that they must starve. That is the question at issue in this trial. . . ."

The court was quiet now. Only the rustling of impatiently fingered papers on Judge Hadley's desk broke the silence. The young prosecutor no longer smiled; he looked uncomfortable. Harry spoke directly to the spectators and held them with his eyes.

"To prevent the unemployed organizing for the fight for bread the issues of Communism and 'outside agitators' is raised. The old bogy of 'social equality' is paraded through this courtroom. Look again from that window and you will see the equality the bosses give you! Equal rights for both black and white to starve. Equal opportunity to sweat for the boss and go hungry when he no longer needs you. The Communist Party is not a party of Negroes, nor a party of whites, nor a party of the North. It is a Party of the workers—all workers—whether they be black or white, live and work in the North, or in the South. It fights for equal rights, equal opportunity to live a full, decent life for all workers, and against the oppressive rule of the bosses that forces both white and Negro to go hungry in the midst of plenty. . . ."

He paused and turned to the Judge. Under that contemptuous gaze a slow flush crept up Judge Hadley's neck and colored his sunken cheeks. He shifted suddenly in his chair as if to break the tension. Harry spoke slowly, deliberately, the knuckles of one hand on the Judge's desk.

"You may jail us today; you probably will. But let me tell you, and those whose orders you obey, that this will not kill Communism in Steelton and the South. Our ranks are being filled today with the best representatives of the white and Negro workers of this city; courageous fighters like Gene Ferris, whom I am proud to call my comrade. And once the masses of workers understand our program they will flock to the banners of Communism in such numbers that all your jails will be too few to hold them.

"We have shown on the witness stand that we are not vagrants within the meaning of the law. I have just shown now that the charge of vagrancy is but a stupid subterfuge to hide the real issue at stake in this trial; the right of the thousands of unemployed to enough to eat. That and nothing more is behind this idle chatter about vagrancy. Judge Hadley, we ask for an acquittal on the grounds that the prosecution has failed completely to establish a case against us and that we have proven beyond all shadow of doubt that we are not vagrants within the meaning of the law."

As Harry finished the Judge rose from behind his desk like a spring released. He opened his mouth, thought better of it and sat down suddenly, drumming angrily on the desk with his fingers. A wave of comment swept through the room, not all of it unfavorable now.

The prosecutor spoke — the same story— "Overthrow the gov'ment, trample our glorious flag underfoot—trade on ignorance of the black man—social equality . . . the pure white women of the South under the heel of the black beast—protection of our homes, our wives and sweethearts—root out this evil cancer now, before it spreads——"

A burst of scattering applause followed. Significantly not all applauded. Some looked serious, uncertain. The prosecutor mopped his forehead and sat down with a smirk.

Judge Hadley straightened, his face contorted, twitching, his deep-set eyes two wells of hatred. No wisecracks now. His high-pitched voice quivered; ridiculously it threatened to break. He leaned across the desk and shook a bony finger in Harry's face.

Harry reached over swiftly and gripped hard on Gene's arm, while his eyes never left the Judge's face. "Here it comes, kid," he whispered.

"Never in all my years on the bench, have I witnessed such defiance and disrespect on the part of a defendant! From your own statement it is clear that you have come among us to besmatter with your venom and destroy everything which we Southerners have built up and cherish! I commend the police for their vigilance and the promptness with which they have set about scotching this menace to our city and our country. Jail is the proper place for rats like you!

"I warn you that every sneaking Red agitator that comes before me will receive the maximum sentence the law allows. I find you, Harry Pearson, guilty of vagrancy and sentence you to eleven months and twenty-nine days on the county roads at hard labor, and a fine of $100. I regret only that the laws of our state prevent me from imposing a sentence equal to your guilt!"

He turned to Gene, his voice calmer.

"As for you, Ferris, I am convinced that you have been misled by the lyin' tongue of this older man who has come among yo' people spreading his hellish doctrine of social equality and intermarriage between white and black. The great mass of the nigger population of our state are decent, hard-workin' folks that know their place and keep to it, and want the white man to keep to his. I say to them, and to you, that you have no need to go to New York Jews and their Yankee followers when you are troubled. You will find that today as always the Southern white man is yo' best friend and best able to help you. When you need help, go to the police or come to me, here in this court, and we will give you advice and aid. But," he paused to let the words sink in, "for the sake of your own people, it is necessary to make an example; it is necessary to make plain to every nigger in the South that no good can come of gettin' uppity and mixin' with these Rooshian Reds. *Gene Ferris, eleven months, twenty-nine days on the County roads at hard labor, and a fine of $100.*"

The court rose and filed out slowly, everyone talking at once. Handcuffs clicked as Gene and Harry were shackled together. They came slowly down the aisle flanked by four husky cops. Again they ran the gauntlet of vindictive, hate-filled eyes. Again hoarse, threatening whispers rang in their ears as they passed. But their heads were up and they walked proudly, like victors. Harry's face was expressionless, but as he passed Sam Beckman, still seated in the last row, his eyelid flickered in a barely perceptible wink.

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Notes on Science

DAVID RAMSEY

RACE and Fingerprints.—The Nazis last year removed Professor Poll from the directorship of the Anatomical Institute at Hamburg. Perhaps with an eye to reinstating himself he has developed a fingerprint method of racial identification. No doubt it will be adopted by the Hitlerites to bolster their pseudo-scientific race theories.

The professor claims to be able to distinguish a gentile from a Jew and a Swede from a Norwegian solely through the study of the arches, loops, and whorls of the finger-tips. It is significant that this hokum was featured at the International Congress of Anthropological and Ethnological Science held in London last month. Professor Poll has set up an arbitrary numerical correlation between a person's fingerprint patterns and his race, his physiological make-up, and even his tendencies toward developing certain pathological conditions. Thus the magic formula for Englishmen is 1-07, while that for Jews is 2-17, in the professor's master index.

From the biological point of view there are no characteristics which rigidly separate the so-called races of men. The chief distinguishing characteristics are social and cultural, which must be studied from the point of view, first, of Marxian sociology, and second, in terms of nation and people.

Instead of being laughed off the floor, Professor Poll had the satisfaction of seeing his conclusions discussed with the utmost solemnity, and significantly they were endorsed by an anatomist from a Southern medical school. Although the theory is on the face of it nonsensical, it is likely to be used here to fabricate a correlation between fingertips, schizophrenia and Communism. Perhaps Communists will eventually not be allowed the dignity of a court trial, but will be sentenced "out of hand" on the basis of their inferiority, as indicated by their fingerprints.

Exhausting Our Crude Oil Resources.—Oil engineers at the Fourth Annual Economic Conference for Engineers held in Johnsonburg, N. J., have pointed to a possible future shortage of crude oil. Known, drill-tested reserves of crude oil in the United States total about 12 billion barrels. Divide this total by the yearly consumption of 800 million barrels; the answer is that we have no more than fifteen years' supply left of our natural oil resources.

Officials of oil companies who were present at the conference suggested "conservation." By this they meant, as usual, an agreement between the government and the principal oil monopolists to raise oil prices and to strangle small producers and prospectors. Under the present order of things such would be the primary and principal result of "conservation" measures. Small producers would be put out of business and the reserves represented by their workings "saved" for exploitation by the monopolists at a price measurable by the extended control enforced by the agreement with the federal authorities. Last year the price of crude went from 25 cents a barrel to $1. Overproduction, nevertheless, has continued. Since the oil code went into effect, in September of last year, production has exceeded requirements by over 40 million barrels.

It is conceivable that the big oil interests are raising the cry of a petroleum shortage to secure government subsidies. But there can be no denying the fact that exhaustion of our supplies threatens in a relatively short period because of the criminally wasteful methods used in production. Yet "conservation" can mean nothing more beneficial than control by monopoly and higher oil prices. It is a capitalistic impasse of the kind which is appearing in many fields. Possible exhaustion of our oil reserves at an early date will increase the efforts of Standard Oil and their servant in the White House to capture the rich oil areas of Asia and South America. In this "civilizing" mission the clash with Royal Shell will be renewed with redoubled impact. Interlocked with Royal Shell is British Imperialism, armed and determined to brook no rivals. Unless the rival monopolies can agree to subsidize an armed attack on the Soviet Union, with Soviet oil fields as booty, their antagonism will add a most combustible fuel to the possibility of a world military conflagration.

Electrically-Induced Fever. — "Artificial" fever induced by high-frequency electric current is now being employed with some success in the treatment of chronic infectious arthritis (rheumatism). The method of treatment and its results and limitations were reported to the Illinois State Medical Society by Dr. D. E. Markson of the Northwestern University School of Medicine. His report was based on two years' experience during which 180 treatments were given and twenty-eight patients were treated.

Of special interest is the fact that prior to the fever treatment ten of the patients had been chronic victims. Though their condition had been considered hopeless in the regular arthritis clinic they showed improvement under the new method of treatment.

By the fever method, the temperature of the patient's body is raised to 104 degrees Fahrenheit with high-frequency current. Patients are carefully insulated against heat loss and the heightened temperature is maintained for eight hours. The treatment is safe because it can be discontinued at once in the event of a patient's unfavorable reaction.

Dr. Markson has pointed out that this treatment cannot be given to arthritis victims who are also suffering from certain diseases of the heart and blood vessels or from acute delirium. A fever technique based on the same general principles is also used in the treatment of paresis in Vienna and America.

An Application of the Mathematics of Relativity.—An unexpected application, and a practical one, of relativity has turned up. In the Journal of Mathematics and Physics, Dr. Gabriel Kron of the Engineering Department of General Electric presents a formidable paper in which he explains how the tensor method of relativity theory can be applied to electrical dynamo machinery, and in fact to all kinds of rotating electrical machinery.

The advantages of this new theoretical treatment of machinery are obvious to an initiate. Hitherto every different type of complicated machine had a different mathematical theory to account for its operation. In fact, individual engineers had different theories to account for the operation of the same machine. In consequence, Dr. Kron points out, there were as many types of theories as there were of machines and engineers. An important practical consequence was that it might take months to learn the theory of a single machine, and this theory was non-transferable with respect to any other mechanical combination.

Dr. Kron has established a "set of tensors" for a "generalized" machine. Then by a routine "transformation of coordinates" the formulae can be applied to any type of machine. Dr. Kron maintains that it takes no longer to learn this general method than it does to learn the theory of a single machine, yet by learning the general method the engineer has mastered the theory of every type of machine.

The tensor theory was devised many years ago as a method of handling complicated sets of equations involving many unknowns and many space dimensions. The tensor is a mathematical symbol that stands for a whole set of equations of a particular form. These symbols can be handled by themselves, thus saving the immense labor and confusion of writing down all the operations.

Einstein used the tensor method in the general theory of relativity. But his efforts to employ the same technique in developing a unified "field theory" which would include gravitational and electromagnetic phenomena have not proved successful.

What Dr. Kron has failed to point out, in his absorption in exposition, is that the adoption of his technique will mean the displacement of numbers of research engineers, since the unified, generalized theory will greatly reduce the volume of problems involved in the dynamics of machine design. It is ironic that his discovery, which in a functional economy could be the basis for an expansion of the electrical machinery industry, comes at a time when the market for such machinery in capitalist countries is retrogressing, and when in consequence the makers of electrical machinery will the more eagerly seize upon Dr. Kron's achievement to reduce costs—at the expense of their technical personnel.

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Correspondence

N. Ognyev is the author of The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy *and* The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate, *discussed at some length in Joshua Kunitz's article,* Divided Loyalties (THE NEW MASSES, *August 7*). *This letter is an indication of the tremendous change which has taken place among the fellow-travelers during the last few years of Socialist achievement in the Soviet Union.* —THE EDITORS.

The Soviet Writers Meet

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Five hundred delegates and five hundred guests in the Hall of Columns; sixteen hundred people in the foyer and on the balconies. Outside the House of Unions, Moscow, the land of the Soviets, and beyond, the entire world listening today to the words on Soviet literature spoken by the great proletarian writer, Alexey Maximovitch Gorky.

He is the first to address this first Congress of Soviet writers. His listeners, all makers of Soviet literature, have gathered here from collective farms and cities, new towns and new industrial giants, from the *tundra* and the *taiga,* from the plains of Ukraine, White Russia, and Siberia and the Caucasian and Altai Mountains. And from abroad, European, Asian, and American comrades have come here—not simply as guests, but as fellow-workers in the same noble, difficult, and responsible profession.

Because we are not merely writers—"people of the pen"—but Soviet writers, what we say and do here attracts the ears and eyes of the whole world. Workers everywhere are following our words and actions, discerning in them the image of Socialist construction and the promise of the approaching victory of Socialism throughout the world. The capitalist-bourgeois everywhere are watching out of fear and hatred. In their eyes, we are the harbinger of their destruction. They are ready to sweep us aside, to sweep us off the surface of the earth: our books novels, plays. But as it grimaces paradoxically, the bourgeoisie clutches hysterically at our books, translates and publishes them. Not simply because it is profitable, but because the bourgeoisie must know who it is that is digging its grave. This is precisely what it finds in our books, and only ours, for bourgeois writers do not tell them.

To us the first type of reader is important, indeed, all-important: the proletarian, the collective farmer, the Soviet intellectual in our own land; and beyond our borders, the proletarian, the poor peasant, and the disinherited intellectual.

Knowing the nobility and responsibility of our profession, we Soviet writers are not, like the bourgeois writers, a specially selected caste perched on Olympian heights, detached from the masses. We are, on the contrary, equals among equals. Our comrades, friends, and brothers are unskilled workers, professors collective farmers, actors, tailors engineers, firemen, miners, teachers, and all other men of labor. And we are proud of this equality, proud to observe disappearing in our country as nowhere else in the world the distinction between the labor of the body and the mind.

Workers in our factories are studying engineering; in mines and subway tunnels new poets are being born. Collective farmers studying in our universities, are becoming professors. The Congress is proud to count among its participants the best worker of the Don basin, the miner and writer Nikita Izotov, the best of the best, the pride of our land.

A new generation has arrived, and it is creating new concepts, new values, and new relations. The old unity of struggle and love has now broadened and changed its content. Being, building, knowing, struggling, conquering—these constitute the joy and impulsion of the new generation—our generation, for we too are young: disparities of age do not hinder our single reaction (response) to the changed and changing world. All mankind is young! As a unified concept, it is only now being born. We witness today the pain and joy of its birth.

From the darkness of clericalism and idealism the young humanity steps forth into the incandescent light of the Socialist sun. And we Soviet writers observe this birth of a new mankind from our Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist heights. In our books we mirror to the best of our abilities this grand process. And our books are alive, they have survived the frenzied struggle against them led by the Fascists of all colors and shades.

Our books are not allowed to penetrate some of the capitalist countries, they are hurled out of libraries, ripped to pieces, burned on the square to the accompaniment of savage hymns. This attack on Soviet writing is the logical concomitant of the attack on any new idea, on any new move forward. Hasn't the bourgeois world brought forth the "idea" of prohibiting new technical inventions for a period of five years? Technological advances, it appears, increase unemployment!

This philistine, this universal bourgeois, this dull money-maker, the enemy of all movement—he is still alive. Today he willingly dons the Fascist cloak. It is he who swings the spiked club, who hounds and slays Communists. And it is he who burns our books, leaping like a cannibal around his bonfire.

And everything he does is futile. Communism is indestructible, just as the working class is indestructible. The ashes of our books burned in the old German squares are carried by the winds all over the world, and like the ashes of Eulenspiegel rap against the hearts of the toiling and oppressed masses.

What the Fascists have burned is but a trifle in comparison with what we shall yet create. Fascists and philistines will learn through their own fate the influence which can be wielded by a thousand revolutionary writers' wills, concentrated together in one urge, striving toward one goal, and welded together in the same rank by the will of the world proletariat.

Moscow. N. OGNYEV.

Speakers at the first All-Union Congress of Soviet Writers

In the center Maxim Gorky. From left to right: S. Marshak (writer of children's books), P. Yudin (critic and leading figure in the Union of Soviet writers, holding the Constitution of the Union), V. Stavski (writer of reportage), N. Tikhonov (novelist and poet), K. Radek (leading Soviet journalist, carrying Joyce), V. Kirpotin (critic and leader of Writers' Union), V. Kirshon (famous dramatist), N. Bukharin (Marxist theoretician, to speak on poetry), N. Pogodin (dramatist), A. Tolstoy (once a count, a famous novelist).

The Pulps in Politics

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Pulp fiction, the most popular form of bourgeois literature, always keeps up with the times. It echoes the brazen ballyhoo of Hearst feature writers and Columbia Broadcasting news reporters. Tall adventure tales of the villainy of the Russian Soviets, love stories of the blessings of the depression and the new deal, sport stories of strike-breaking athletes, gangster stories of how the N.R.A. helps the workers —these are a few scattered examples. To these should be added some recent detective stories. The current issue of one pulpwood magazine, Operator No. 5, contains a full-length novel dealing with the machinations of radicals to "break" the great minds of our financial and political leaders, thereby creating riot and revolution among our leaderless people. In the *Reign of the Silver Terror,* another novel which appears in The Spider magazine, a wholesale murder of Congressmen takes place. The murderer, of course, turns out to be a scheming Communist leader. The current strike struggles of the American workers throughout the country are certain to be maligned in pulp stories that are probably being written at the present moment.

ALAN CALMER.

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Aged Bard Takes His Stand

ROBERT FORSYTHE

QUITE RECENTLY F.P.A. in the New York Herald Tribune was washing his hands of Communism because of a review Michael Gold had written in this magazine about Ring Lardner. If this is the sort of thing Communists believed in, Mr. Adams said in brief, he must officially disavow the whole philosophy of Communism, no matter how grieved Mrs. Ogden Reid, owner of the Herald Tribune, might be by his defection. What Mr. Adams specifically objected to was the habit of criticizing an artist for what he failed to be rather than for what he was.

As it happened, the review caused a wave of anger in the office of the New Yorker as well, although it seemed to be one of the gentler products of Michael Gold. He merely lamented the fact that Lardner, undeniably a man of great gifts, had practically wasted his life in writing imitations of Artemus Ward and Josh Billings. He further intimated that if Lardner had supplemented his bitterness with life and his hatred of humanity with even a trickle of understanding about the fundamentals of existence, he might have been a great satirist rather than a member of the Dutch Treat Club.

After making the proper obeisances to the half-dozen short stories upon which Lardner's fame must rest and showing rather plainly that he regarded the man as one of our finest literary artists, Mr. Gold wrote more in sorrow than anger about Lardner's wasted opportunities. The truth of course is that he is right about Lardner, but in an even greater sense he is right about all our other humorists.

F.P.A.'s own case is a singularly tragic one because he is now along in life and all he has to show for his career are a few volumes of verse that not even his dearest friend would consider important and a tradition of urbanity and a reputation for being a "civilized person." In his earlier days, on the Evening Mail and the Tribune, I am told that he occasionally ran a paragraph headed "Why the Socialist Party is Growing," in which he listed grievances likely to turn a sensible person against the present system. But he had halted that even before I began reading him ten years ago and his social zeal, up until a few years ago, was centered in two crusades—one for visible house numbers and the other against dry sweeping. The latter really needed the aid of a good Communist sloganeer for Mr. Adams at intervals even had to explain what dry sweeping meant. It meant that those who simply grasped a broom and started sweeping were public malefactors. What they should do was sprinkle with water before they swept, thus avoiding the swirls of dust which carried germs. Since then his principal complaint has been against noise and particularly against the noise made by trucks with loose bolts. The courage of Mr. Adams in his crusading can be well recognized by the subjects he has tackled. The ambition of having the bolts on trucks tightened is surely one less capable of fulfillment than changing nature itself.

On his behalf it may be said that Mr. Adams makes no pretense of being a social critic, but even his mild jousting at minor evils is so far beyond anything done by his associates that he is in some quarters accepted as a social commentator. As for such other humorists as James Thurber, Frank Sullivan, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman, they are so resolutely turned away from anything in life that what they write has the quality of fantasy, something written on and about the Island of Atlantis. At first glance it seems a mystery how they maintain their seclusion from contemporary ideas, but it is not so much that they fail to know things are happening as that they feel any upsurge of emotion is not quite civilized. Obviously what one must have to be a success with the New Yorker is an ability to make even the most transcendental event trivial. The trick is never to raise the voice, never to become excited in the face of disaster, always to drink the old-fashioned to the last orange peel despite the revolution without. There is something pathetically childish about the courage of their ignorance.

We are indebted to Fortune, that other representative of the upper classes, for an almost complete characterization of the New Yorker mind. It expresses so well what I have been saying here that I can do nothing better than quote the paragraph in full:

> Typical of both battling and futility was the magazine's recent stand. With many a publisher boiling at the implications of the Tugwell bill for regulating advertising, the New Yorker's editorial department declared again its independence. It threatened an open approval. For weeks there was plotting in the dim corridors of 25 West Forty-fifth Street. Then the blow fell. E. B. White had written and Ross had published a frank espousal of the Tugwell principles. But everything came out all right. When the advertising gentry read the item they found it so carefully swathed in whimsey that not even the stanchest Tory could take affront.

But what about the reputation of these clever gentlemen, what about the reputation of Ring Lardner himself? He was the superior of them all and yet the collection from his works made recently by Gilbert Seldes is, as Mr. Gold pointed out, a sad affair. Like many others, I have felt that Lardner belongs among our great men and it was a shock to read the Seldes collection and find how feeble Lardner's humor now seems. Some of the items are only a year or two old and yet they make one embarrassed at the thought of a man with that mind wasting it in such fashion. If we complain and ask why he should have thrown away his life on such rubbish, it is because we are more hurt by his failure than Mr. Adams could possibly be by our criticism. Just what is the crime involved in crying out against such corruption of a great talent? The fact is plain that Lardner, with any sort of a firm basis, could have been a great satirist. Mr. Adams insists that we consider him on his own grounds, but how can anybody concerned about Lardner's fame judge him on such a foundation? The only thing to be said about him is that, considering him entirely from his own point of view and granting him every consideration, he has made nothing of his career.

Furthermore, the theory of considering a man on his own grounds must surely be a nonsensical business. If we are to have literary standards, they can certainly not be standards of that sort. To say that Lardner is a great man on his own grounds is to say that Zane Grey is a great man in his class and Edgar Guest is a genius at being Edgar Guest. If there is to be criticism at all, it must be criticism in comparison with the best and when a man who has the ability to be an American Swift turns out to be the American John Kendrick Bangs, a critic is entitled to mention the fact.

So if we adjure the young men who dine at Toni's to take a close look at themselves before settling permanently into their roles of court jesters for their decaying betters, we do it from the most humane motives. One look at the drawings and captions from the New Yorker reproduced in Fortune reveals that far from dealing with basic emotions which are as fresh one year as the next, they are trifling with oblivion. We have no expectation that anything we say will influence them, but if they, in their more reflective moments, have feeling for anything beyond the permanency of their well paid jobs, we should think that they might have an occasional bad twinge.

On that basis I am sure that F.P.A., who is known as a kindly gentleman in his personal relations, will allow us our sorrow at the thought of Ring Lardner wasting himself. We don't bother much with the others because their prejudices are those of young men who are at last accepted by Park Avenue and in no mood to surrender their achievement. Lardner was another case. He was a man with a fierce hatred which could have been turned into a splendid cauterizing force if he had known enough to use it and had been given the chance by the publishers and critics who now want him to be known as a great humorist when what he was in reality was a thwarted human being.

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Books

The State of Britain

GENERAL BUNTOP'S MIRACLE, and OTHER STORIES, by Martin Armstrong. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.
THE WOMAN WHO HAD IMAGINATION, by H. E. Bates. The Macmillan Co. $2.
DEFY THE FOUL FIEND, by John Collier. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
FULL FLAVOUR, by Doris Leslie. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.
SPINNER OF THE YEARS, by Phyllis Bentley. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.
LOVE ON THE DOLE, by Walter Greenwood. Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.50.

MR. ARMSTRONG'S stories are all neatly constructed, and some of them — *Mrs. Vaudrey's Journey,* for example—are adroit enough to be pleasant reading. They are of all kinds, from the crisp brutality of Saki to the whimsicality of Milne. When one tries to discover where Mr. Armstrong is in the variety of mood and method he displays, one suddenly realizes that he isn't there at all. He is on the outside, carefully manipulating his effects. This is art for entertainment's sake, pleasant to the taste and bad for the digestion.

The stories of H. E. Bates, on the other hand, run to the slice-of-life type, and they are both sensitive and honest. There are some fine, vigorous portraits of old men, and there are excellent descriptions. The title story, *The Woman Who Had Imagination,* is delicate and perceptive. But Mr. Bates cuts his slices of life rather thin. He deliberately isolates his little scenes so that he can dwell on them. Herman Melville said that you need a great theme to write a great book. I am afraid that Mr. Bates, for all his talent, would not know a great theme if he saw one.

Great themes are not necessarily rare, but in the bourgeois world today they are seldom utilized. Pseudo-great themes, however, are since the success of *Anthony Adverse,* the order of the day, and it appears, with the arrival of Collier's Willoughby Corbo to join Linklater's Magnus Merriman, that England is to have her share of boisterous heroes. The hero of *Defy the Foul Fiend* is, one is pleased to note, a little more human than Anthony or Magnus, but he goes through a series of amorous adventures, described in what Mr. Collier probably hopes is a Rabelaisian manner. Like Anthony and Magnus, Willoughby is a sound conservative at heart, and in the end he settles down as a good imitation of a landed gentleman. This seems to be a reliable formula for pleasing the solid bourgeois: give him plenty of vicarious adventure, and then assure him that he, in his cautious quest for security, was right all the time.

Doris Leslie has chosen for *Full Flavour* a theme that usage, especially British usage, has consecrated as great, the story of a family. The central character is Catherine Ducrox, who inherits and runs and makes a success of a London cigar store, disastrously marries an artist and successfully marries a tobacco magnate, loses her daughter in a tragic marriage, and sees her grandson fall in love with her old rival's granddaughter. In the background of all these domestic mishaps is the account of the tobacco business, told with some tenderness for the small shopkeeper who is conquered by the monopolies. Miss Leslie writes vigorously, makes skillful use of minor historical details, and keeps her characters alive. She seems, however, to have nothing important to say.

Full Flavour naturally reminds us of Phyllis Bentley's handling of a British family in *Inheritance.* Miss Bentley's family had more than a sentimental interest because it was directly involved in one of the great historic movements of the nineteenth century, the rise and fall of the textile industry, and the attendant struggles between capital and labor; and even Miss Bentley's incurable liberalism could not prevent her from grasping some of the implications of her material. *Spinner of the Years* is a much earlier novel, and it is obviously a piece of apprentice work. It is a study, careful to the point of tediousness, of the influences that shape the character of Imogen Armitage. The scene is the textile district, but textiles play no part in the story.

Walter Greenwood has looked for his theme in the very center of the life of his times, and *Love on the Dole,* published more than a year ago in England, is, despite many an amateurish touch, a strong and moving novel. It seems to me, indeed, the finest novel of the depression I have read, quite as tender and human as *Little Man, What Now?* but free from mawkish sentimentality and weak evasiveness. It is a story of people who, in the very best of times, live in rotten poverty, always in fear of unemployment, always in debt to the pawnshop, always in need of decent food and decent shelter. For such people the depression means bare survival on the dole, and the Means Test is a death sentence.

The novel tells of Harry Hardcastle, eagerly leaving school to serve his apprenticeship in a machine shop, and turned out in the end to make room for another generation of schoolboys on apprentices' wages. For him love means fugitive meetings to avoid the bestialities of his girl's parents; it means bitter quarrels while the futile search for a job goes on; it means forced marriage and survival in rat-ridden rooms on his wife's wages. His sister Sally is in love with Larry Meath, a worker for the Labor Party who is killed in a demonstration against the Means Test. Sally, becoming the mistress of a successful bookie, brings a measure of prosperity to her family and Harry's, but they know, and the author knows, how uncertain, as well as how exceptional, their good fortune is.

"The time is ripe, and rotten ripe for change; then let it come," the author quotes from Lowell, and from Rosa Luxemburg: "What we are witnessing . . . is a whole world sinking." *Love on the Dole* successfully shows a world in decay. But Greenwood's awareness of the need for change far outruns his perception of the forces that make change possible and inevitable. Larry Meath, the only conscious rebel in the book, is a more or less typical educated British workman, bitterly dissatisfied with his lot, eager for a socialist state, but limited to a futile faith in education and reform. Greenwood himself, as his portrayal of the demonstration shows, scarcely goes farther than Larry. In itself, therefore, the book is pessimistic, for the only forces of revolt it describes are obviously inadequate to combat the enormous evil it portrays. But we must remember that such a book is not read in a vacuum. Taken alone, it is incomplete, but the reader may supply for himself what the book lacks. Disgust with the existing order is never enough, but it may be the beginning of wisdom, both for the author and for his readers. GRANVILLE HICKS.

Bloody Thursday

VETERANS ON THE MARCH, by Jack Douglas. Workers' Library Publishers. $1.25.

Here is an excellent book on a subject that badly needed detailed treatment. Jack Douglas' *Veterans on the March* makes it obvious that not only the general public, but also the more interested people who read most of the available reports know very little of what took place when the ex-soldiers, the "Bonus Marchers," massed at Washington in the summer of 1932.

It is common knowledge that the veterans set out to gain a more favorable adjustment of their "Adjusted Service Certificates." They, their wives and dependents wanted to be paid, not in 1945, but before they starved. They had had thirty months of the crisis, and for the bulk of them the only hope of keeping their families together lay in cash payment of certificates. It is also well known that they were finally driven out of Washington after two of their number had been murdered by the police and their camp had been attacked by soldiers with cavalry, bayonets, tear-gas, and the torch. But the moves that took place between the time the veterans shouldered their way into Washington and the time when they grimly straggled out are a revelation.

From here on I'd like to quote the entire book. As the veterans began to arrive some of the Federal powers "wanted to squelch the entire movement by physical blows," but that would be "fairly certain to send sparks into the equally discontented non-veteran populace. At least another ten million, besides the veterans, were unemployed, and already there was

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talk among them of joining the march of the vets. No, the thousands of ex-soldiers marching to Washington could not be squelched with force. The authorities knew this. Most of the veterans did not. Here was the keynote of the authorities' handling of the entire situation. Without the veterans themselves realizing it, they, who felt they were coming to Washington as petitioning citizens, as they had been taught they had a right to do, became, for the authorities, only a big police problem."

The effort to solve this problem made Pelham D. Glassford, retired army officer and Chief of the Washington Police, one of the busiest hypocrites at the National Capital. First, he did everything he could to keep the veterans from coming; once they had arrived, he tried all of his tricks to separate them, in both instances pretending to be their friend. "Fellow veterans and comrades—I shall be glad to do everything I can for you," he addressed the first meeting at which, with stool-pigeon aid, he had just been elected "Secretary-Treasurer." And while the veterans, confused and irreparably weakened by warnings not to associate with the Reds, grateful to Glassford because it was he who seemed to be getting food for them and their families, were waiting to demonstrate before Congress, Glassford moved closer to other self-appointed leaders of the Bonus Marchers. There was Waters from Oregon, itching to whet himself into a fine, sharp Fascist tool which the Capitalists would pay to use; there was one Doak Carter, Waters' "chief of staff." And behind these fakers were waiting the "Key Men of America," demagogues like Smedley Butler and Mayor McCloskey, who pretended to be the veterans' friends while they prepared clubs to crack their skulls.

It was men like these and tactics like these that broke the back of the Bonus March. "Don't join the Reds or out you go," they threatened the ex-doughboys; and, as always, a Red was anyone who saw through and fought the vicious hypocrisy of the self-appointed leaders. But such tactics succeed only temporarily. As Douglas makes clear, the gloved hand and the lying mouth are necessarily followed by savage brutality. And Glassford's rule was to thin the ranks and drive the resolute to "Bloody Thursday." But even before this, hundreds of ex-soldiers were driven over to a militant program put forward by the Workers Ex-Servicemen's League, a rank-and-file organization to the core. And while the WESL has grown, the ex-soldiers' company unions such as the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars have continued to decline. "Just as the inauguration of the strike-breaking N.R.A. was followed by the greatest wave of strikes in the history of the United States," Douglas concludes his valuable book, "so these attempts to regiment the masses into fascism are only further solidifying their ranks and clarifying to them their class position. The veterans — together with the other sections of the toiling population—are on the march." THOMAS BOYD.

"Gesture Without Motion"

THE ROCK, Book of Words, by T. S. Eliot, Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.

In his last prose volume *After Strange Gods,* T. S. Eliot spoke with considerable conviction on questions of literature and belief, society and sensibility, and the necessary disparity—since he had been brought up in the midst of heresy and the worship of Progress—between his own poetry and his ideas. Now in *The Rock,* published with elaborate disclaimers, he has temporarily, at least, closed that interior breach by contributing choruses and dialogue for a religious pageant to raise cash for building more churches. At the same time he has cast a very deep shadow indeed over the private profundities of *After Strange Gods* by confronting them with this banal and arid successor. It is not hard to see, however, why he made the attempt. Eliot's recent criticism has been strongly affected by his respectful fear of Marxian philosophy. The pageant of *The Rock* gave him opportunity for an imitative counter-attack on the revolutionary literature with which he has been increasingly preoccupied.

The hero of *The Rock* is a worker, a rather vaudeville Cockney named Ethelbert, engaged with some comrades in building a church. The site is a poor one, and the funds, we learn, are limited. But Ethelbert spurs on his lagging companions by showing that churches do no exploiting, make no profits, and grow from the pennies of the poor. His zeal is rewarded by a series of visions: Saxons are converted, ghostly monks come to help, Israelites build Jerusalem, and so on. The resurrected declaim a good deal in the set speeches of a thousand such pageants; the acknowledgements Eliot makes to a number of clerics in his prefatory note are obviously well merited.

One scene, however, is less usual, the scene, one may suppose, for which Eliot takes sole responsibility in his note. Here Ethelbert is beset by an Agitator who tries to make him class-conscious. When Bert indignantly confronts him with the Douglas Plan and the threat of his fists, the fellow slinks off like a movie-villain Communist. A Chorus remembers the words of Nehemiah, "The trowel in hand, and the gun rather loose in the holster," and "But we are encompassed with snakes and dogs: therefore some must labour, and others must hold spears." The Agitator appears again speaking to a mob, citing Russia and attacking religion. "We'll all be free and we'll all think alike, as a free people does; and them that don't won't be allowed to think different." He urges them to break the windows of the churches, tear down the walls. This attribution of violence is emphasized by an attack on nuns by invading Danes, in dumb-show. Red Shirts and Black Shirts march on singing their songs. Both groups are easily deceived by the hypocritical speeches of the Plutocrat, and run grovelling after him when he displays the Golden Calf, Power. The Chorus points out the inefficacy of all parties, and suggests getting alone with God.

Eliot said of the hell of Ezra Pound's *Cantos* that it was a hell without dignity. *The Rock* is set in the midst of a contemporary hell, the choruses imply it at every appearance; given a few honest phrases from even the crudest of true proletarian literature, the hell would break in upon us with the unbearable intensity of the present situation. But with romantic rejection and in the name of eternal damnation, Eliot bars it out for a much more traditional and much less distressing set of values, and produces as a result this unhappy farce of tepid conservatism. He knows that these nerveless scenes have nothing to do with Lancelot Andrewes or Jeremy Taylor, that his remote martyrdoms are of very different character from those his English bricklayers may well suffer fighting Fascism, but he can permit himself only anguish based on attractive hypotheses: "And if the blood of Martyrs is to flow on the steps, We must first build the steps." Actually Ethelbert leaves us singing a popular song, and *The Rock* ends with a perfervid conversation between the Major, Mrs. Poultridge and Millicent, on church decoration.

The dramatic defects of this play, the readiness of conversation, the characterless expository speeches, the simplification will be, I suppose, cited to show that all propaganda literature, Right or Left, is bad. That is not important. Insofar as Eliot, in his talk of eternal Good and Evil, means the abiding complexity and difficulty of human character, we can agree that the more a literature comprehends this complexity, the more intense it is likely to be. But it is interesting to compare bourgeois propaganda literature like *The Rock* and Paul Engle's *American Song,* with proletarian work on the same technical level, because in such samples the emotional fundamentals and strength of both cultures are so plainly exposed. In both, the symbols of evil, spiritual or physical, are much the same and easily indicated: triviality, dirt, hunger, idleness, oppression, torture. In *The Rock,* indeed, the only affecting choruses are those which give the sense of idleness and industrial decay. We compare the two literatures, then, not so much for their indictments, as for their assertions. And we find bourgeois propaganda factitious in its solutions, positive only in nostalgia, incompatible with existing reality, and, as literature, betrayed by an inability even to find adequate symbols for what it seeks. Eliot refers uncertainly to the eternal dilemma of Good and Evil, to individuality in God, to some new Crusade. To say that proletarian literature always rises above bourgeois literature by the power of its solution, is not, I think, to set merely an extra-literary criterion. The bourgeois writer dares not find in the materials of suffering and actuality from which he draws his strength, the implications which would point his conclusions, but he must, as in this play of Eliot's, cover those implications with substanceless phrases of personal desire. The proletarian writer, on the other hand, sees in that material the struggle

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that gives it significance, and finds in that struggle courage and strength, for he senses, even when he cannot fully reveal, the triumph of its ultimate purpose. OBED BROOKS.

Brief Review

THE REVOLT AGAINST MECHANISM, by L. P. Jacks. The MacMillan Co. $1.

In these Hibbert Lectures for 1933, the theme of Dr. Jacks' sermon is that mankind must turn its face towards heaven. Everything that plagues man such as famine and war is due to the curse of mechanism. However, there is really nothing to worry about, since man can break through the framework of mechanism that binds him to sordid things through religion. There is nothing new in Dr. Jacks' thesis which he has taken from Bergson. His "offensive against mechanism" is dull and tedious since it consists wholly of an offensive conducted in the spirit of "loving the enemy." Consequently, there is nothing tangible to attack in the book. The unreality of the book is heightened by Dr. Jacks' complete ignorance of what is actually taking place in the world. For example, he thinks that "the problem of unemployment is but another name for the problem of leisure." His approach through "love" towards other problems brings out equally weird results. It goes without saying that Dr. Jacks is dishing out hooey designed to keep the minds of men directed away from the evils of the present scheme of things. It is not successful hooey since Dr. Jacks has not brought it up to date by adding a dash of pseudo-science for seasoning in the manner of most of the present day idealists.

EARLY DAYS AMONG THE CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHOE INDIANS, by John H. Seger. University of Oklahoma Press. $2.

John H. Seger was the first superintendent of schools on the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation. He had a very difficult task. The Indians were loathe to change their mode of life. They felt that "work was a white man's penalty, an evil to be avoided. The white man earned his living that way because he was a poor hunter." Mr. Seger wished to find work that would be more congenial for them, and got some of them employed on a cattle drive. They did the work well, but "the average cowboy did not want to see the Indian succeed as a cowboy, as he knew that his chance of employment would be that much lessened." Neighboring ranchers who coveted land on the reservation tried to get the Indians moved away by sending false rumors of danger just as atrocity stories were used in war. Although difference in racial type and in inherited culture caused Indians and white men to distrust each other, this psychological factor, Mr. Seger clearly shows, only caused trouble when there was some form of competition between the two groups.

THE FOREGROUND OF AMERICAN FICTION, by Harry Hartwick. American Book Co. $2.50.

This is a striking example of the as-so-and-so-says school of criticism, largely made up of quotations from and paraphrases of better critics, digests of novels, and lists of names, liberally interspersed with bad puns and stale witticisms. Mr. Hartwick discusses the naturalists, Crane, Norris, London, Dreiser, Anderson, Hemingway, and Faulkner; the escapists, Cabell and Hergesheimer; the reformers, Upton Sinclair, Sinclair Lewis, and John Dos Passos; and the humanists, Howells, James, Wharton, and Cather. Although the generalizations in each section are peculiarly superficial, those that grace the section on the reformers are surpassingly stupid. After disposing of the whole problem of social justice in two pages, Mr. Hartwick gives the stock criticisms of Sinclair's characterization and style, manages to misunderstand most of Lewis' books, and, on the basis of a false interpretation of a passage from his first book, calls John Dos Passos an anarchist. Mr. Hartwick is enthusiastic about naturalism, but, perhaps because the book is issued under the aegis of Harry Hayden Clark, he urges the naturalists to adopt the best features of humanism.

André Malraux's "Man's Fate"

Haakon Chevalier Objects

TO THE NEW MASSES:

IN YOUR ISSUE of July 3, you devoted considerable space to the discussion of the book reviews appearing in THE NEW MASSES. In the same issue appeared a review by Alfred H. Hirsch of a rather important book—André Malraux's *Man's Fate*. One might reasonably have expected that this book, which has been highly praised by critics as varied as André Gide, Robert Briffault, Léon-Pierre Quint, Jean Audard, Edmund Wilson, Horace Gregory, William Troy and Clifton Fadiman, would receive a careful, judicious and (dare one say?) sympathetic appraisal. The novel, mind you, is wholly sympathetic to Communism. In fact it is more than sympathetic: it is a magnificent tribute to the Communist heroes who fought and died in the Shanghai insurrection in 1927.

How does Hirsch treat this novel? Does he give an honest picture of what the novel is? He does not. Does he give even a suggestion of the merits of the novel? He does not. Does he critically analyze its shortcomings? He does not. What does he do? In a 1,500-word review he devotes barely 500 words to the novel itself. He gives a superficial glance at the historic background of the novel. He summarizes the author's career. In this summary he picks out facts which are obviously intended to convey to the reader the impression that Malraux could not possibly write a revolutionary novel. He points out the author's obsession with the problems of the individual, quotes a statement by a character in a previous novel to the effect that he is at bottom a gambler, and quotes incidents from other novels which suggest that Malraux is interested in furnishing the French government with information on market possibilities and in vandalism for its own sake. The reader, having been treated to this portrait of a rather decadent adventurer, is now in a receptive mood for Hirsch's account of this loudly heralded revolutionary novel.

Well, Hirsch assures his readers, this is not a revolutionary novel. It is merely the last in a series of antics by this muddle-headed adventurer (which does not amaze Mr. Hirsch). He treats, Hirsch says, of the heroics of the revolution rather than of the revolution itself. Hirsch winds up his review by generously conceding that "they [Malraux's characters] are with us, Malraux is with us." But, he hastens to enlighten his readers, "neither they, nor he, knows the reason why." A well-meaning fellow, this Malraux. Just muddled, that's all. And there Hirsch leaves his readers, having said all his imagination could suggest that would thoroughly discourage the reader from reading the book. At the last moment, however, his ingenious mind conceived one more little dig. All the "bourgeois" critics (and some not so bourgeois) had praised the translation, when they had mentioned it at all. Why not take a crack at the translator? So he thought of this: "The translation . . . is literal to the point of stiffness, at times even at the expense of clarity." This criticism takes on added weight when one knows that Hirsch had not read the original, while most of those who praised it, including Robert Briffault, Edmund Wilson and Clifton Fadiman, had.

Inasmuch as I consider *Man's Fate* one of the finest revolutionary novels that has been written to date, I think it is worth while to point out some of the most glaring inadequa-

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cies and misstatements in Hirsch's review. For, unlike Hirsch, I believe NEW MASSES readers should be encouraged to read the novel.

Hirsch agrees with "1933," the French Fascist weekly, that the novel has no political or social conclusions. Well, any reader who is not blind can find them throughout the novel—and towards the end they pile up as a superb challenge:

> The Revolution had just passed through a terrible malady, but it was not dead. And it was Kyo and his men, living or not, vanquished or not, who had brought it into the world. . . . "A civilization becomes transformed, you see, when its most oppressed element . . . suddenly becomes a *value,* when the oppressed ceases to attempt to escape this humiliation, and seeks his salvation in it, when the worker ceases to attempt to escape this work, and seeks in it his reason for being. . . ." "Our people will never forget that they suffer because of other men, and not because of their previous lives. . . . " In the repression that had beaten down upon exhausted China, in the anguish or hope of the masses, Kyo's activity remained incrusted like the inscriptions of the early empires in the river gorges. . . .

And as the book ends the horizon opens wide upon the dawn of the Five-Year Plan, and Kyo's wife leaves for Russia to carry on the work in which he had participated. Throughout the novel the political and social conclusions are unmistakably pointed.

Hirsch says that "all Malraux's characters are intellectuals." Of seventeen principal characters in this particular novel, only two —Kyo and his father Gisors—are intellectuals. Kyo, the central character, is an intellectual of a special and, I may add, precious type: he has "the conviction that ideas are not to be thought, but lived." And he is in the highest sense a man of action. Hirsch's single long quotation from the novel is part of a speech of Gisors, who becomes a hop-head and whose character, after Kyo's death, completely disintegrates. Hirsch deliberately gives the impression that this speech sounds the keynote of the novel.

Hirsch asks a number of rhetorical questions after making the statement: "Much is missing in this book . . ." Every one of these questions can be answered by numerous page-references. I shall answer merely a few, as it would take too long to give all the references, and moreover, these things that he finds missing are not only present in specific passages, but an aware reader will *sense* them throughout the novel as a rich background; their presence contributes to the extraordinary intensity of the novel:

"Where are the underfed coolies . . .?" Hirsch asks. Answer: pp. 14, 24 ("Hidden by those walls, half a million men: those of the spinning-mills, those who had worked sixteen hours a day since childhood, the people of ulcers, of scoliosis, of famine"), 25, 27, 28, 41, 70, 75, 76, 83, 87, 90, 94, etc., etc.

"Where are the peasants, taxed to the breaking-point . . .?" Answer: pp. 146-148 specifically, and elsewhere.

"Where are the women of the poor, sold into prostitution? . . ." Answer: p. 49: "I've just left a kid of eighteen who tried to commit suicide with a razor blade in her wedding palanquin. She was being forced to marry a respectable brute. . . ." p. 191: "There was his wife: life had given him nothing else. She had been sold for twelve dollars . . ." Also, p. 221.

"And where are the workers, whose conditions are such that the principal *revolutionary* demands . . . were confined to: a ten-hour maximum day, etc. . . .?" Answer: p. 83: "To the right, under the vertical banners covered with characters: *'A twelve-hour working day,'* (!) *'No more employment of children under eight,'* thousands of spinning-mill workers were standing . . ." Etc.

But, says Hirsch, "there is hardly a glimpse of all this and without it the relationships between Malraux's characters are only psychological ones, arbitrarily conceived and unrelated to the real causes of the Chinese revolutionary awakening." This is his final estimate of the book.

The readers of THE NEW MASSES are entitled to know that the French Communist review Commune (from which much is to be learned) gave the novel a highly favorable review, and that a number of French Communists whom I spoke to, including Henri Barbusse, expressed the opinion that it is an extremely important revolutionary novel. Jean Audard, the Commune reviewer, says in part:

> The first reason why we like Malraux's novel is the manner in which he has portrayed the Chinese revolution. Whatever reservations one may make as to the historic role which Malraux attributes here to the Third International, the Communist revolutionaries obviously have the entire sympathy of the author. They are presented under an aspect which one would commonly call heroic, but which it would no doubt be better to call, with Malraux, the simple aspect of *human dignity.* . . . The book does not only depict the Revolution in its collective aspect, but makes us penetrate into the individual drama of the characters that are involved in it. It appears even that this is its essential object. One can look upon it in two aspects: first as the picture of an event, of which Malraux *has understood the whole historic importance* [italics mine]; second, as the analysis of the effort of a certain number of individuals to struggle against the anguish of their solitude.
>
> Such a point of view, which penetrates into the consciousness of individuals, which consists in asking oneself why the individuals are involved in the events, and even why they cause them, and especially *why they justify themselves in their own eyes for causing them,* appears to me superior to the point of view which limits itself to showing the characters of a Revolution simply reacting to external events.

The objections that I have raised suffice, I think, to make abundantly clear that, both in what it says and in what it does not say, Hirsch's review is an extraordinarily inept piece of criticism. I consider it distinctly unfortunate that THE NEW MASSES should have dismissed, in a contemptuous, sneering way, a book that is a moving tribute to all that THE NEW MASSES stands for, and to which its colleague, the Paris Commune, gave unqualified praise.

There will be some disagreement as to the sense in which *Man's Fate* may be considered a revolutionary novel. The novel does not aim to present a comprehensive picture of the external events of the Shanghai insurrection. Yet the author does give considerable attention to these events. It is, I think, a valid criticism to point out that these events are at times quite confused. What the author aims to do, and what he does admirably, is to show how the revolution becomes a part of the lives of diverse individuals, how it affects them and how they in turn affect its course. The manner in which the Revolution takes on a dynamic value for these characters I regard as an extremely important achievement. It is a novel of revolutionary *will,* which involves profound issues for man today. Malraux shows *why* and *how* these representative individuals become revolutionaries, and to have done that, with brilliance and penetration and an extraordinary ability to create character, to convey the strain and confusion of a vast social upheaval, and to keep before the reader's eye the complex and vivid international background, is enough for one novel. The book is essentially concerned with *values,* but those values are inseparable from the revolution which molds them. It is in this sense that I regard the novel as one of the most profound revolutionary novels we have had.

HAAKON M. CHEVALIER.

Granville Hicks Comments

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I HAVE read *Man's Fate* since the review of it appeared in THE NEW MASSES, and I find myself in the position of disagreeing almost as much with the review itself as with the translator's attack on it. To me the reading of the novel, especially after Alfred Hirsch's review, was a startling experience. Hirsch had not given me the slightest inkling of the book's extraordinary intensity. From the description of Ch'en's emotions in the act of assassination to the battle in the police station, I felt a steadily mounting excitement, not unmixed with dread. And then came that extraordinary scene in the prison yard, with Kyo's suicide and Katov's gift to the two prisoners of the cyanide that alone could save him from death in the firebox of a locomotive. Of the quality of the effect that *Man's Fate* had upon me I shall have something to say later, but the intensity of that effect cannot be denied.

If Chevalier quarreled with Hirsch on the ground that he failed to suggest Malraux's sustained power, I could not but agree with him. I feel that Hirsch was at fault, whether he simply did not respond to the book or neglected to record his response. But it is not, by and large, on that ground that Chevalier's objections rest. With his detailed criticism I do not agree, and I cannot accept his final estimate of the book.

In the first place, Chevalier objects to Hirsch's summary of Malraux's life. The tone of that summary may, as Chevalier says,

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prejudice the reader against Malraux, but the facts are unassailable, and it is the facts that count. Malcolm Cowley, in his review of *Man's Fate* in The New Republic for July 4, described Malraux as "a man whose own mentality has strong traces of Fascism" (a statement to which, as far as I know, Chevalier has taken no exception). Hirsch did not make so flat an assertion; in fact, he carefully avoided all epithets; but he did give the facts and let the reader form his own estimate.

In the second place, Chevalier, with a venom that is more understandable than admirable, objects to Hirsch's comment on the translation. I can scarcely expect him to like that comment, but I am surprised at the form his objection takes. He gratuitously assumes that Hirsch had not read *Man's Fate* in French. "One knows," he says, "that Hirsch has not read the original." I don't know how "one" knows that, for I know that Hirsch had read the original. Chevalier also says that Hirsch attacked the translation because the "bourgeois" reviewers praised it. I know—and Chevalier might have realized it if he had thought about dates—that the review was written and in my hands before any reviews had appeared.

In the third place, Chevalier states that Hirsch agrees with "1933," the French fascist weekly. Hirsch, on the contrary, merely quotes the statement of "1933" as symptomatic and as a partial explanation of the success of the book in bourgeois circles. He specifically says that the fascist comment is "not entirely fair," though he thinks it "gives a hint of why this book was awarded the coveted Goncourt prize."

In the fourth place, Chevalier objects to Hirsch's statement that all the characters are intellectuals, and says that only two of the seventeen principal characters deserve to be so described. This seems to me mere quibbling. The important thing is that none of the seventeen principal characters is a factory worker or a peasant.

But these are comparatively minor points. The central issue is whether we are to regard *Man's Fate* as "one of the finest revolutionary novels that has been written to date," "one of the most profound revolutionary novels we have had," and, to quote Chevalier's introduction to the book, "the revolutionary novel that has been so long anticipated and so often foreshadowed in contemporary literature." I quite agree with Hirsch that we are not.

The first point to consider is the actual handling of the revolutionary material. The coolies, peasants, prostitutes, and workers are in the book, but they are there in mere phrases, as anyone who cares to look up Chevalier's references can see. They merely form the background. One does not get from the novel any impression that it is they who are creating the events that take place. Chevalier says that Malraux is trying "to show how the revolution becomes a part of the lives of diverse individuals," rather than "to present a comprehensive picture of the external events of the Shanghai insurrection." But, instead of regarding the two aims as incompatible, he should, I think, see that the first is dependent upon the second. Let him look, for example, at William Rollins' *The Shadow Before,* in which the individuals come to life precisely because they are so organically part of the mass movements that are the book's theme.

Hirsch, recognizing this failure of Malraux to reveal the forces that actually bind together the various characters of the book, says that "the relationships between Malraux's characters are only psychological ones." If Chevalier does not like that way of stating the issue, he can take Cowley's: "The revolution, instead of being his principal theme, is the setting and the pretext for a novel that is, in reality, a drama of individual lives." The informed reader, of course, can make the necessary interpretations for himself, can fill in the blanks, but that does not alter the fact that the blanks are there. The uninformed reader, it seems to me, would never be left by *Man's Fate* with a sense of the purpose and historic necessity of proletarian revolution. He would have a sense of personal heroism, but that is a quality that can be expended in many causes.

There is one section of the book that does deal directly with political issues, Part III, in which Kyo goes to Hankow to protest against the policy of the Communist International. It is unfortunate, in view of the political capital that Trotzky, in his fight against the Comintern, has made of the relations between the Kuomintang and the Communist Party of China, that it is precisely here that Malraux is so misleading in his analysis, as the subsequent history of Soviet China and the Chinese Communist Party (authoritatively given by General Victor A. Yakhantoff in his *The Chinese Soviets*) unequivocally establishes. I also think it unfortunate that Hirsch failed to deal with this point. I do not question Malraux's sincerity, and certainly I do not pretend to be an expert on the Chinese situation. I do know, however, that disaster came, not as Malraux and Trotsky say, because the Chinese Communist Party followed the instructions of the Comintern, but because Chen Tu Hsieu and other leaders refused to follow them. A careful comparison of the instructions issued by the Executive Committee of the Communist International and the activities of the Communist Party of China shows that it is with the latter that responsibility for failure lies.

There is another passage that raises similar doubts. Chevalier says, "And as the book ends, the horizon opens wide upon the dawn of the Five-Year Plan." But if Malraux is hailing a new day for the revolutionary movement, I wonder why he includes in the last chapter the letter from Pei, which seems to carry the absurd suggestion of the Trotskyites that world revolution is being sacrificed to the industrial progress of the U.S.S.R. It is not difficult to see why Trotzky wrote a letter endorsing *Man's Fate,* though he was shrewd enough to give literary reasons for his praise.

It is impossible to ignore such issues in dealing with the book. Though Chevalier says in his letter that the novel does not try to give "a comprehensive picture," in his introduction he spoke of it as "a remarkable feat in the novelistic treatment of historic material," commented on the "essential accuracy" with which events were recorded, and said we were made aware of the "profound issues" involved. I agree that the picture of the insurrection is not comprehensive, and I think it should be. I think, moreover, that even as far as it goes, it is not correct.

The second point to consider is the spirit of the book. Trotzky, though he sees fit to praise *Man's Fate,* finds it necessary to enter a disclaimer. "In the final analysis," he says, "Malraux is an individualist and a pessimist." Both these qualities are fully reflected in the novel. According to Chevalier's introduction, the theme is: "Change the conditions of man's life, control the blind forces that shape human destiny—*man's fate.* Above all, give his life a meaning; give it dignity." But I think Malcolm Cowley is far more accurate when he says: "Malraux's real theme is a feeling that most men nurse, secretly, their sense of absolute loneliness and uniqueness, their acknowledgment to themselves of inadequacy in the face of life and helplessness against death—that is what he means by *la condition humaine;* this is man's lot, his destiny, his servitude. And he has chosen to depict this emotion during a revolutionary period because it is then carried, like everything else that is human, to its pitch of highest intensity."

Malraux's pessimism, closely linked, as Cowley's description shows, to his individualism, permeates the novel. Different persons, he seems to say at the end, make different adjustments to the tragic burdens of fate. May, Kyo's wife, goes to Russia, but Gisors, his father, says, "I am freed both from death and from life." For myself I can only say that I was left, though briefly, with a sense of hopelessness. If it is objected that that is the fault of the material, I can point to Agnes Smedley's *Chinese Destinies.*

Extreme, even mystical individualism and pervasive pessimism are not qualities that make revolutionary fiction. I agree, in other words, with Hirsch's fundamental contention, regardless of the opinions of Haakon Chevalier and Jean Audard. When Audard says that Malraux "has understood the whole historic importance" of the events he describes, he is, I believe, wrong. When Hirsch says, "The world of this book is not above the revolution, but it is apart from it," he is, I believe, right.

Hirsch's mistakes are, as I have said before, mistakes of omission, but they are important mistakes, and they invalidate his estimate of the book. The revolutionary movement has always attracted a considerable number of bourgeois intellectuals, especially, because of the nationalistic issues involved, in China. Many of these intellectuals have been, as Chevalier says of Kyo, assets to the revolution. At the same time they have often been vac-

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illating and sometimes opportunistic. Their whole approach to the movement is personal and certainly not representative of the desires and interests of the masses. It is with such elements that Malraux can most easily sympathize, and it is with characters of this kind that he is concerned. Even into such characters he has, I believe, projected his own philosophic pre-occupations, and as a result they are considerably more reflective and mystical than the average run of bourgeois intellectual revolutionaries. He does, nevertheless, have real insight into their mental processes, and, though he does not portray their role correctly, he does magnificently convey their emotions. Moreover, Kyo and his comrades are genuinely heroic and inspiring. Though a great deal of the revolution escapes Malraux, a great deal is in his book, and there are moments when he transcends his limitations and gives the reader a real sense of the power and greatness of the revolutionary movement.

That is why, though I cannot call *Man's Fate,* as Chevalier does, "the revolutionary novel that has been so long anticipated," I have no hesitation in hailing Malraux as a novelist who is capable of surpassing the limitations within which he is already powerful. The review of his book in THE NEW MASSES should, I believe, have dealt as generously with what he succeeded in doing as it did cogently with what he failed to do.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

The Reviewer's Say

TO THE NEW MASSES:

POSSIBLY my review of *Man's Fate* did not "deal as generously with what Malraux succeeded in doing" as it did with "what he failed to do," to quote Granville Hicks. But the book did not move me as it did Hicks. My review will not keep Communists from reading the book and I do want those who are approaching the Communists, but who do not yet work with them, to understand that this is not a revolutionary book. I still feel that it "treats of the heroics of the revolution rather than of the revolution itself" as stated in my original review, and that it is "not above the revolution; but . . . apart from it."

Since quoting authorities seems to be on the order of the day, I will join in with two short excerpts—which I translated myself.

Ilya Ehrenbourg, a name not unfamiliar to THE NEW MASSES readers, wrote of this book in Monde, French weekly edited by Henri Barbusse:

> His characters live and we suffer with them, we suffer because they suffer but nothing makes us feel the necessity of such lives and such suffering. Isolated from the world in which they live, the heroes seem to be feverish romantics. The revolution which a large country had lived through becomes the history of a group of conspirators.

Jean Fréville, in L'Humanité, official daily of the Communist Party of France, says:

> Maulraux's revolutionaries are exceptional people, abnormals in need of stimulants. There is something troubling and disturbing in the motives which precipitate these revolutionaries towards death. . . . The Marxist revolutionary is not this adventurer described by Malraux. He is a normal being, doubtless superior to other men through . . . the clarity of his vision . . . his courage, his capacity for self-sacrifice. But he does not need artificial stimulants. The revolution is not a pretext by way of which he can reach sublimity. The daily struggles . . . humble, obscure, the risks without chance of public recognition . . . these are his achievements.

ALFRED H. HIRSCH.

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Current Films

Hide-Out (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer): This new film directed by W. S. Van Dyke the maker of *The Thin Man* and written by the scenarists of the same film proves several things: That *The Thin Man* was a good melodrama because it had the advantage of a decent source—Dashiell Hammett; that William Powell and Myrna Loy are infinitely superior comedians to the ingratiating Robert Montgomery and the pretty but uninteresting (as an actress) Maureen O'Sullivan. *Hide-Out* concerns itself with a playboy-racketeer who escapes the police by fleeing to the Connecticut countryside. Here he meets the rural girl who makes him want to forget crime. However, the ever-alert movie police managed to get their man. But love has conquered crime and Robert Montgomery goes to Sing Sing to pay his debt to society. By this time the audience knows that our Connecticut country lass with a perfect English accent will wait for her lover. . . .

Charlie Chan's Courage (Fox): A dull mystery film containing that well-known Swede, Warner Oland, who always impersonates slimy Oriental villians or the philosophical Chinese detective, Charlie Chan. Decidedly not recommended.

Cleopatra (Paramount): It is remarkable how Cecil B. deMille can photograph so much on such a vast scale and still say nothing. *Cleopatra* is, of course, not history; it is so badly done and is so noisy that it can't be classed as "entertainment"; and it reeks with such pseudo-artistry, vulgarity, philistinism, sadism and anti-Semitism that it can only be compared with the lowest form of contemporary culture: Hitlerism. This is the type of "culture" that will be fed to the audience of Fascist America.

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back (20th Century-United Artists): An example of the kind of film that Hollywood can best do. It is well-written and contains a great deal of amusing dialogue. It is generally a mild satire on mystery stories done in the manner of *The Perils of Pauline*: the gay hero, dauntless and unafraid, the sneaking and slimy Warner Oland as the Oriental villain, the stupid police, and the *motif mysterioso* music. Ronald Coleman is such a complete personality that he remains the popular actor whether he plays Raffles, Bulldog Drummond, or Dr. Arrowsmith.

I. L.

Between Ourselves

THE John Reed Club of New York is preparing an exhibition on the theme *Revolutionary Front — 1934,* to take place from November 9 to December 7 at its quarters. All artists who feel themselves participants in the revolutionary movement are invited to exhibit.

Murals, paintings, drawing, sculpture, lithographs, woodcuts, etchings, and posters are to be included. "All work is to be not larger than 50" x 50", frame included, and must be delivered October 24, 25, and 26 at the John Reed Club, 430 Sixth Avenue, New York City. Exhibition fee is 25 cents. All shipping is at the expense of the artist. All work is to be called for on December 10, 11, and 12."

There will be a jury of artists including two non-members of the John Reed Club. For further information artists are requested to address the Secretary of the Exhibition Committee at the above address.

The National Organization Committee of the Film and Photo League of America has issued a call for a National Conference of Film and Photo organizations to be held in Chicago during the last week in September. All movie and photo clubs, societies, guilds, unions, and other amateur and professional organizations are invited.

The Conference will discuss the commercial film industry; why the commercial newsreels have become open instruments for strike-breaking, anti-labor, pro-Fascist and pro-war propaganda; continued mass misery and brutal terrorism as well as the assaults on cameramen, workers, and exhibitors and the deprivation of the right to take and show films (in Jersey City, Detroit, Tulare, San Diego); the dangers presented in the "Legion of Decency" movement; etc. The Conference will take the first steps for the formation of a solidified country-wide film and photo movement. Further details may be had by addressing the National Organization Committee at the Film and Photo League, 12 East 17 Street, New York City.

Next week THE NEW MASSES will feature, among other articles, *Freed Land* by Li-Yan-Chen, an excerpt from the diary of a chairman of one of the villages in Soviet China. This is the first time that any American periodical has offered an immediate picture of the life, organization, struggles and objectives of the new China—Soviet Republic No. 2.

The New York branch of the Friends of THE NEW MASSES will hold its first meeting Wednesday evening, September 5th, at 8.30 P. M., at Irving Plaza, 15th Street and Irving Place. All readers of THE NEW MASSES are invited.

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